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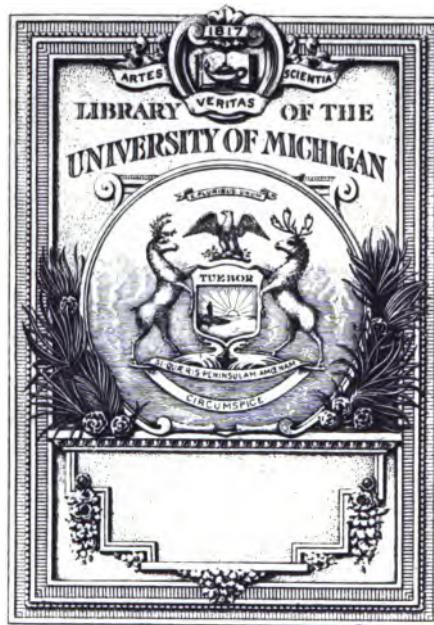
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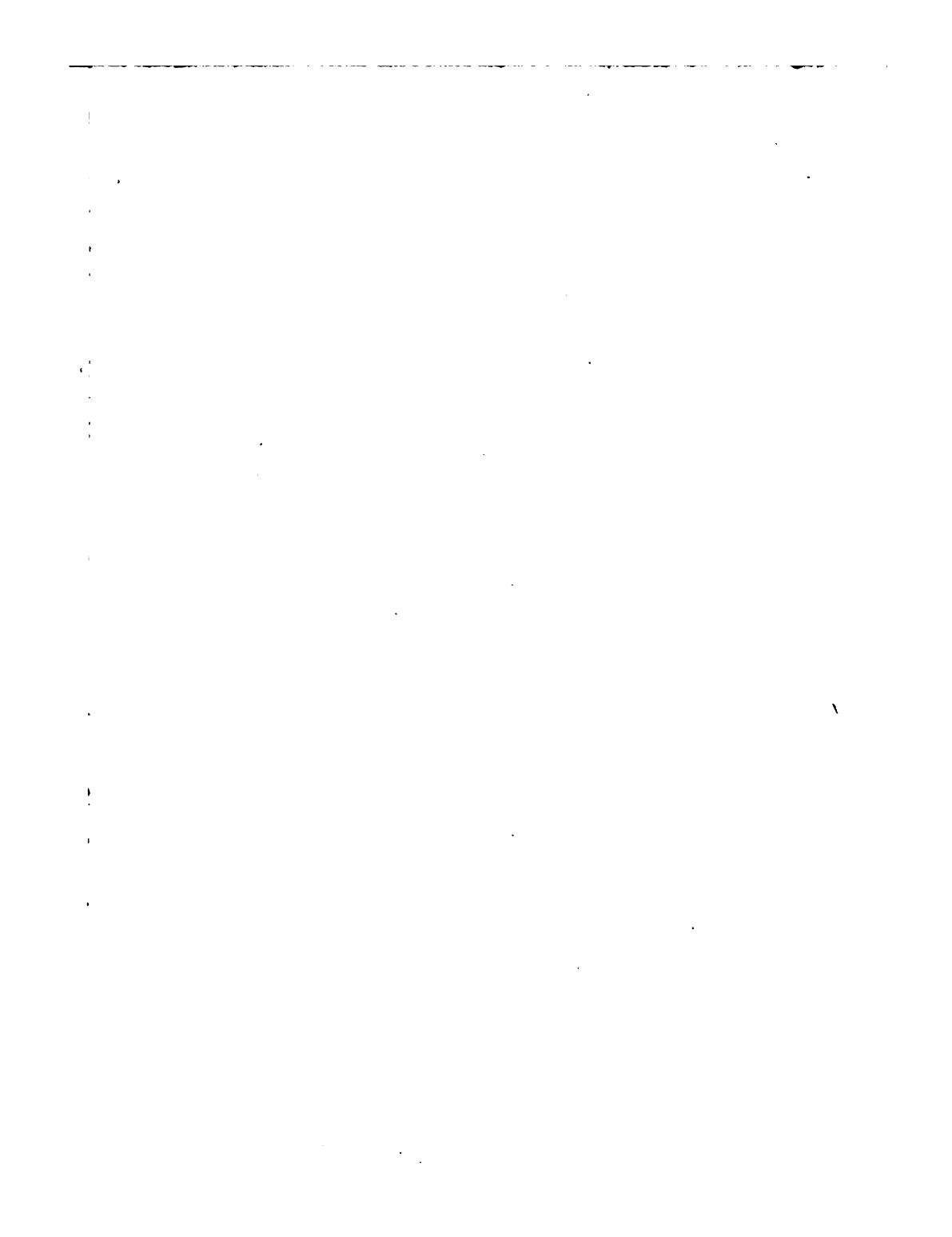
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E. FITZ. GERALD

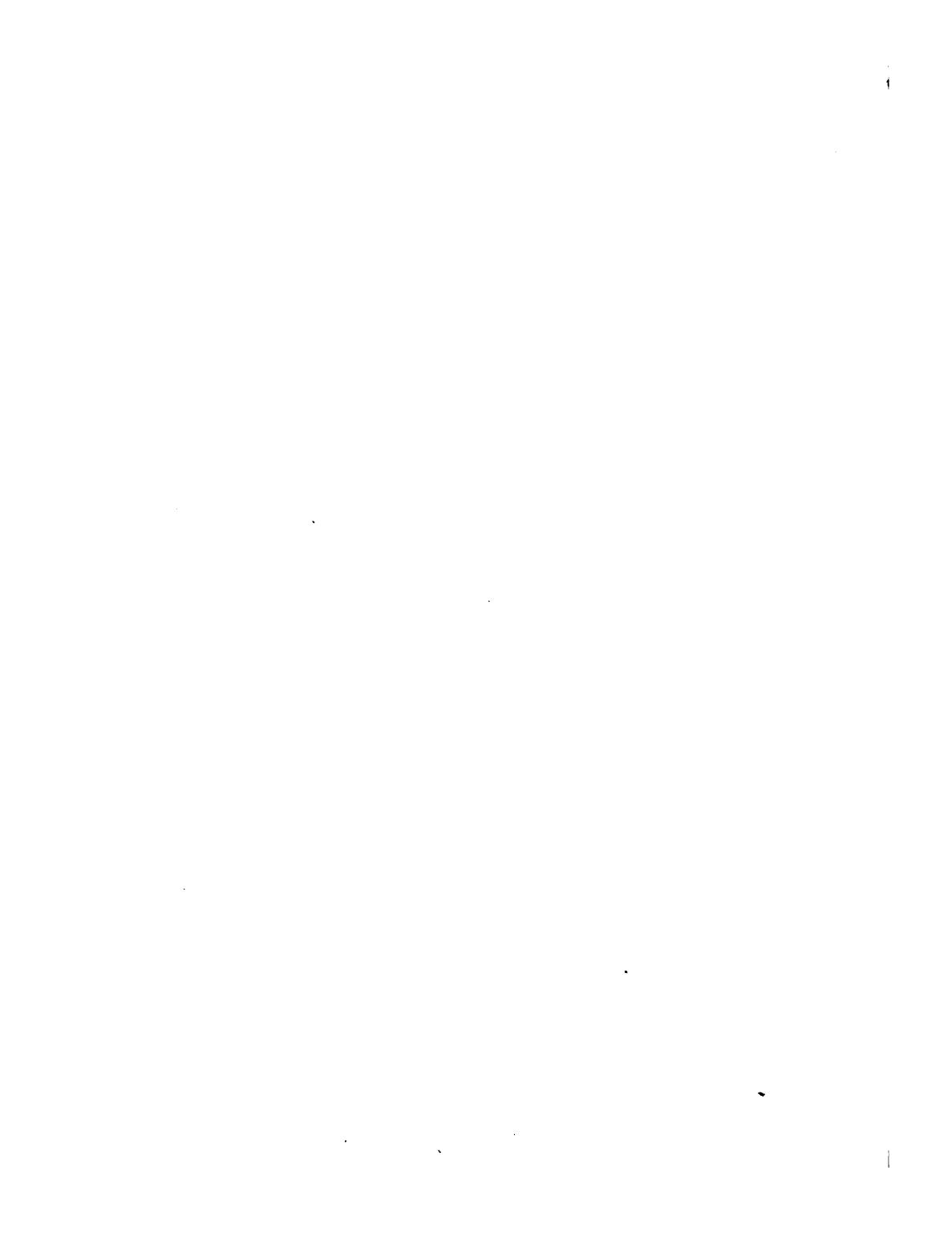
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EDWARD FITZGERALD
AN AFTERMATH

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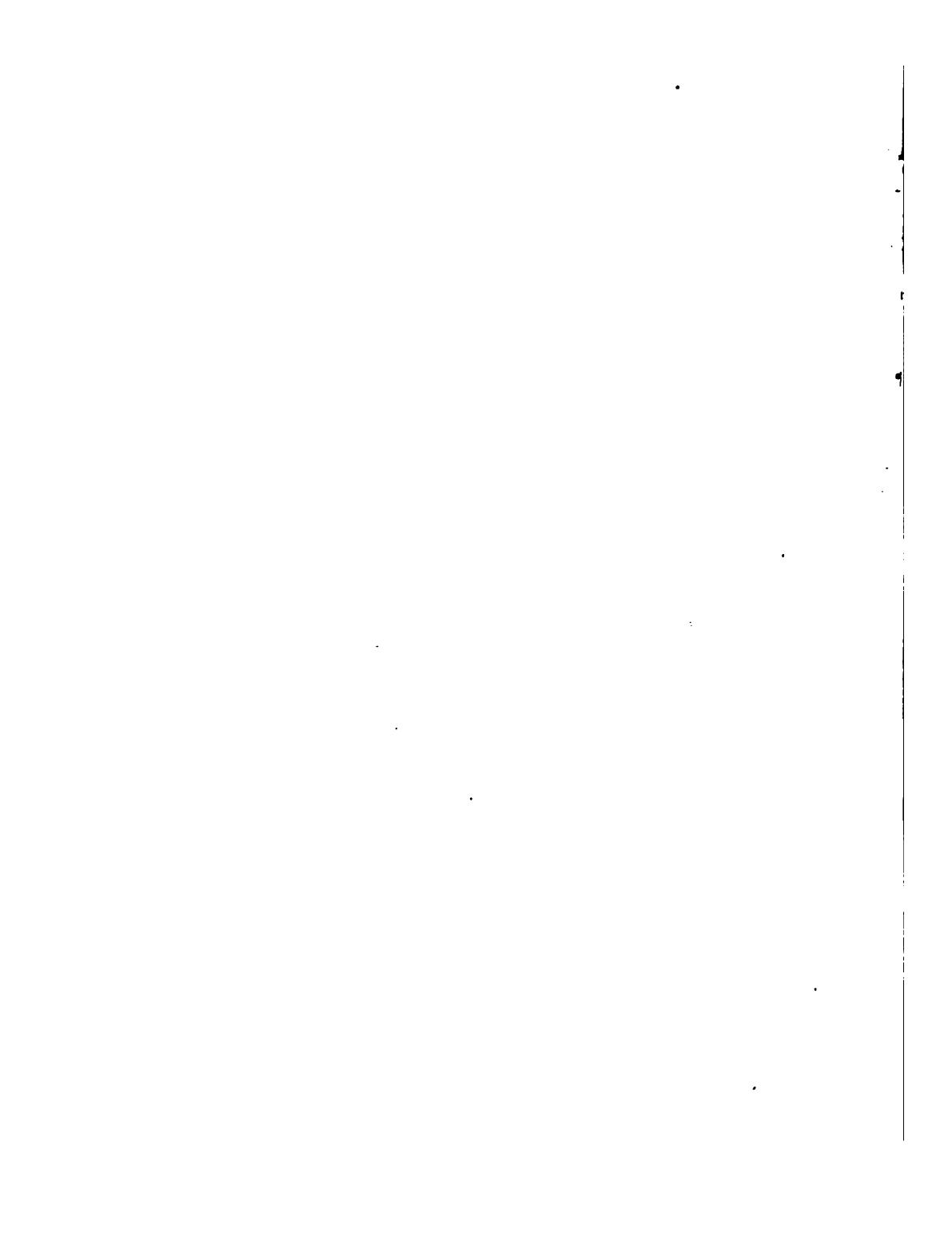
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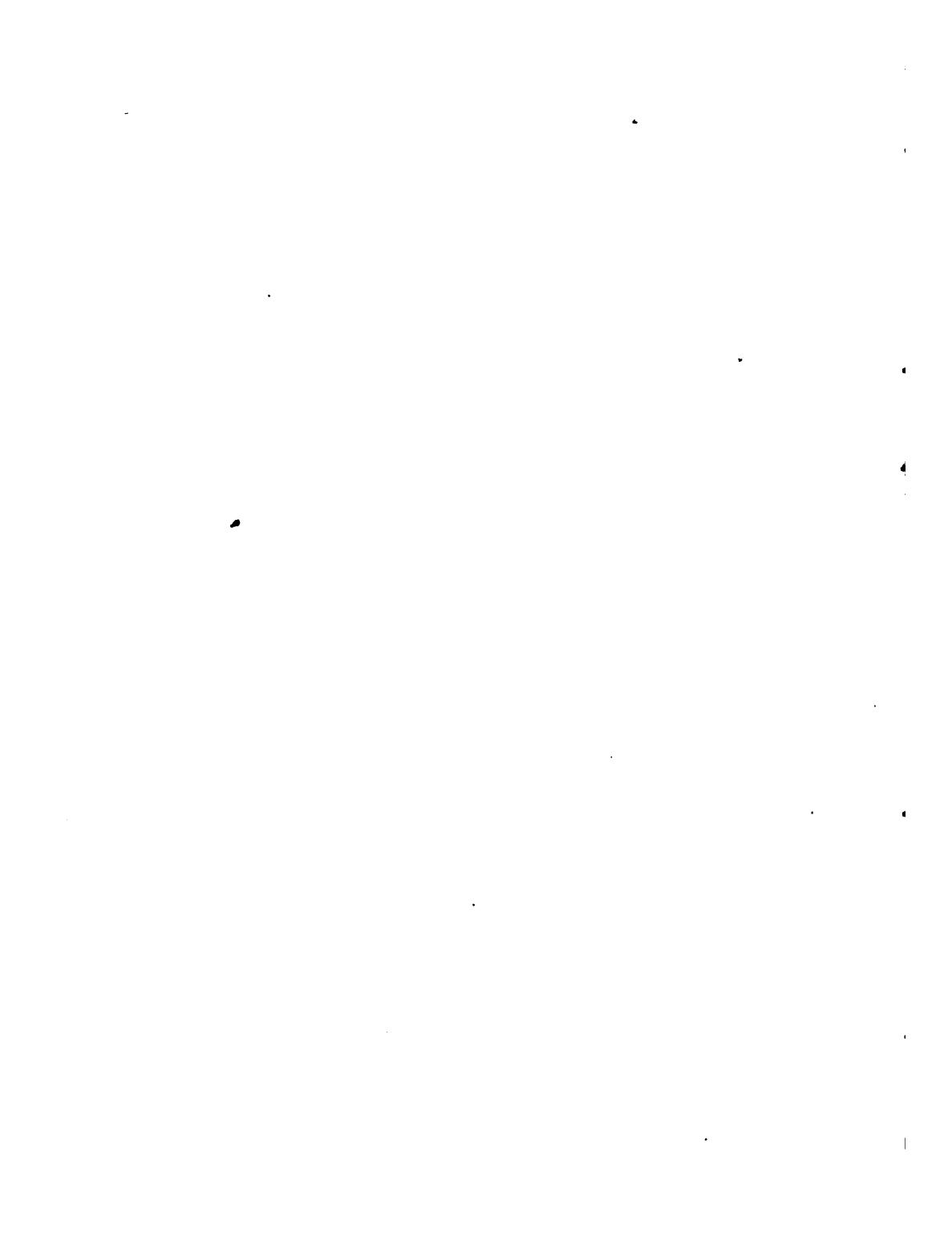
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FACSIMILE OF AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER



PROEM





PROEM

cannot sufficiently thank you for the high and unmerited honour you have done me to-night. I feel keenly that on such an occasion, with such company, my place is below the salt; but as you kindly invited me, it was not in human nature for me to refuse.¹

Although in knowledge and comprehension of the two great poets whom you are met to commemorate I am the least among you, there is no one who regards them with greater admiration, or reads them with more enjoyment, than myself. I can never forget my emotions when I first saw FitzGerald's translations of the Quatrains. Keats, in his sublime ode on Chapman's Homer, has described the sensation once for all:—

¹ At a dinner of the Omar Khayyam Club in London, (December 8th, 1897), The Honourable John Hay who had been introduced by Mr. Henry Norman as 'soldier, diplomatist, scholar, poet, and Omarian,' delivered the following address, pronounced by all who heard it 'a masterpiece of literary oratory.'

*"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."*

The exquisite beauty, the faultless form, the singular grace of those amazing stanzas, were not more wonderful than the depth and breadth of their profound philosophy, their knowledge of life, their dauntless courage, their serene facing of the ultimate problems of life and of death. Of course the doubt did not spare me, which has assailed many as ignorant as I was of the literature of the East, whether it was the poet or his translator to whom was due this splendid result. Was it, in fact, a reproduction of an antique song, or a mystification of a great modern, careless of fame, and scornful of his time? Could it be possible that in the eleventh century, so far away as Khorassan, so accomplished a man-of-letters lived, with such distinction, such breadth, such insight, such calm disillusion, such cheerful and jocund despair? Was this *Weltschmerz*, which we thought a malady of our day, endemic in Persia in 1100? My doubt only lasted till I came upon a literal translation of the *Rubbáiyát*, and I saw that not the least remarkable quality of FitzGerald's poem was its fidelity to the original.

In short, Omar was a FitzGerald before the latter, or FitzGerald was a reincarnation of Omar. It is not to the disadvantage of the later poet that he followed so closely in the footsteps of the earlier. A man of extraordinary genius

had appeared in the world ; had sung a song of incomparable beauty and power in an environment no longer worthy of him, in a language of narrow range ; for many generations the song was virtually lost ; then by a miracle of creation, a poet, a twin-brother in the spirit to the first, was born, who took up the forgotten poem and sang it anew with all its original melody and force, and all the accumulated refinement of ages of art. It seems to me idle to ask which was the greater master ; each seems greater than his work. The song is like an instrument of precious workmanship and marvelous tone, which is worthless in common hands, but when it falls, at long intervals, into the hands of the supreme master, it yields a melody of transcendent enchantment to all that have ears to hear. If we look at the sphere of influence of the two poets, there is no longer any comparison. Omar sang to a half barbarous province ; FitzGerald to the world. Wherever the English speech is spoken or read, the *Rubáiyát* have taken their place as a classic. There is not a hill-post in India, nor a village in England, where there is not a coterie to whom *Omar Khayyám* is a familiar friend and a bond of union. In America he has an equal following, in many regions and conditions. In the Eastern States his adepts form an esoteric sect ; the beautiful volume of drawings by Mr. Vedder is a centre of delight and suggestion wherever it exists. In the cities of the West you will find the Quatrains

one of the most thoroughly read books in every club library. I heard them quoted once in one of the most lonely and desolate spots of the high Rockies. We had been camping on the Great Divide, our "roof of the world," where in the space of a few feet you may see two springs, one sending its waters to the Polar solitudes, the other to the eternal Carib summer. One morning at sunrise, as we were breaking camp, I was startled to hear one of our party, a frontiersman born, intoning these words of sombre majesty:—

*"'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest;
The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest."*

I thought that sublime setting of primeval forest and pouring cañon was worthy of the lines; I am sure the dewless, crystalline air never vibrated to strains of more solemn music. Certainly, our poet can never be numbered among the great popular writers of all time. He has told no story; he has never unpacked his heart in public; he has never thrown the reins on the neck of the winged horse, and let his imagination carry him where it listed. "Ah! the crowd must have emphatic warrant," as Browning sang. Its suffrages are not for the cool, collected observer, whose eye no glitter can dazzle, no mist suffuse. The many cannot but resent that air of lofty intelligence, that pale and subtle

smile. But he will hold a place forever among that limited number who, like Lucretius and Epicurus—without rage or defiance, even without unbecoming mirth,—look deep into the tangled mysteries of things; refuse credence to the absurd, and allegiance to arrogant authority; sufficiently conscious of fallibility to be tolerant of all opinions; with a faith too wide for doctrine and a benevolence untrammelled by creed; too wise to be wholly poets, and yet too surely poets to be implacably wise.





FOREWORD

*The Clay that I am made of once was Man,
Who dying, and resolved into the same
Obliterated Earth from which he came
Was for the Potter dug, and chased in turn
Through long Vicissitude of Bowl and Urn:
But howsoever moulded, still the Pain
Of that first mortal Anguish would retain,
And cast, and re-cast, for a Thousand years
Would turn the sweetest Water into Tears.*

THE BIRD PARLIAMENT.



FOREWORD

AS originally printed *An Aftermath* was the first of two papers contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, for November, 1889, and March, 1891, which, "a good deal extended," were reissued in 1895, under the title of *Two Suffolk Friends*.¹ From the brief Preface to the revised work, now out of print, it is clear that Groome rightly estimated the relative value and importance of his material: "these two papers, I think, will be welcome to many in East Anglia who knew my father, and to more, the world over, who know FitzGerald's letters and translations."²

¹ **TWO SUFFOLK FRIENDS.** *By Francis Hindes Groome.* William Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh and London. MDCCXCV. Quarto. Pp. xii+133. [A Suffolk Parson, pp. 1-64; Edward FitzGerald: An Aftermath, pp. 65-133.]

² With all due allowance for the interesting details of old Suffolk life preserved in the article on Robert Hindes Groome it does not

The nature and extent of this delightful *causerie* was also set forth in an early paragraph: "from my own recollections of FitzGerald himself, but still more of my father's frequent talk of him, from some notes and fragments that have escaped hebdomadal burnings, from a visit I paid to Woodbridge in the summer of 1889, and from reminiscences and unpublished letters furnished by friends of FitzGerald, I purpose to weave a patch-work article which shall in some ways supplement Mr. Aldis Wright's edition of his Letters."

Henceforth it is unlikely that anything more will be added to our knowledge of the master of Little Grange.³ His life, absolutely devoid of romantic

as a whole demand reprinting. In "The Only Darter" and "Master Charley" there is "the true pathos and sublime" which set them apart, and place their author beside such acknowledged masters as Richard Jefferies and Dr. Jessopp.

³ "His love of music was one of his earliest passions, and remained with him to the last. I cannot refrain from quoting some recollections of the late Archdeacon Groome, a friend of his College days, and so near a neighbour in later life that few letters passed between them. 'He was a true musician; not that he was a great performer on any instrument, but that he so truly appreciated all that was good and beautiful in music. He was a good performer on the piano, and could get such full harmonies out of the organ that stood in one corner of his entrance room at Little Grange as did good to the listener. Sometimes it would be a bit from one of Mozart's Masses,

happenings, can serve no valid attempt at “making copy” which will throw new light on such harmless *far-niente* existence. Call him if you must, “an eccentric man of genius who took more pains to

or from one of the finales of some one of his or Beethoven’s Operas. And then at times he would fill up the harmonies with his voice, true and resonant almost to the last. I have heard him say, “Did you never observe how an Italian organ-grinder will sometimes put in a few notes of his own in such perfect keeping with the air which he was grinding?” He was not a great, but he was a good composer. Some of his songs have been printed, and many still remain in manuscript. Then what pleasant talk I have had with him about the singers of our early years; never forgetting to speak of Mrs. Frere of Downing, as the most perfect private singer we had ever heard. And so indeed she was. Who that had ever heard her sing Handel’s songs can ever forget the purity of her phrasing and the pathos of her voice? She had no particle of vanity in her, and yet she would say, “Of course, I can sing Handel. I was a pupil of John Sall, and he was a pupil of Handel.” To her old age she still retained the charm of musical expression, though her voice was but a thread. And so we spoke of her; two old men with all the enthusiastic admiration of fifty years ago. Pleasant was it also to hear him speak of the public singers of those early days. Braham, so great, spite of his vulgarity; Miss Stephens, so sweet to listen to, though she had no voice of power; and poor Vaughan, who had so feeble a voice, and yet was always called “such a chaste singer.” How he would roar with laughter, when I would imitate Vaughan singing

“ His hiddeus (*sic*) love provokes my rage,
Weak as I am, I must engage,”

from Acis and Galatea. Then too his reminiscences of the said Acis and Galatea as given at the Concerts for Ancient Music. “ I

avoid fame than others do to seek it"; add that he had a very genuine horror of self-laudation; then fancy what a systematic biography would mean to him! Whatever might be urged in Thackeray's case, we shall do well to rest content with

can see them now, the dear old *creeters* with the gold eye-glasses and their turbans, nodding their heads as they sang

O the pleasures of the plains!"

'These old *creeters* being, as he said, the sopranos who had sung first as girls, when George the Third was king.

'He was a great lover of our old English composers, specially of Shield. Handel, he said, has a scroll in his marble hand in the Abbey on which are written the first bars of

"I know that my Redeemer liveth;"

and Shield should hold a like scroll, only on it should be written the first bars of

"A flaxen-headed ploughboy."

'He was fond of telling a story of Handel, which I, at least, have never seen in print. When Handel was blind he composed his "Samson," in which there is that most touching of all songs, specially to any one whose powers of sight are waning—"Total Eclipse." Mr. Beard was the great tenor singer of the day, who was to sing this song. Handel sent for him. "Mr. Beard," he said, "I cannot sing it as it should be sung, but I can tell you how it ought to be sung." And then he sang it, with what strange pathos need not be told. Beard stood listening, and when it was finished said, with tears in his eyes, "But Mr. Handel, I can never sing it like that." And so he would tell the story with tears in his voice, such as those best remember, who ever heard him read some piece of his dear old Crabbe, and break down in the reading.'—See W. Aldis Wright's Preface to 'Letters,' Vol. I: x-xii, (1889).

FitzGerald's letters supplemented, *currente calamo*, by Groome's friendly half-length "Kit-Kat."⁴

On the other hand "The Tarno Rye" himself possessed what seems so strangely absent in his world-renowned subject; here a very remarkable human document may yet be given us, revealing, as may be inferred from Mr. Watts-Dunton's appreciation a rare personality known only to the elect few.

A few words concerning our illustrations, collected at the writer's request by Mr. John Loder⁵ may not be considered out of place, forming as they do an interesting series and the one thing requisite to render *An Aftermath* of permanent acceptability to all lovers of FitzGerald "the world over." The

⁴ "The life of FitzGerald is written in his letters, and no memoir of such a man, whether 'dapper' in his own delightful style, or the perfunctory effusion of the official biographer, can be other than unwelcome to those who really understand his character. Since this was written, Mr. Glyde's 'Memoir of FitzGerald' has made its appearance. Though drawn up with the best intentions, it has not induced me to alter the opinion which I have expressed."—See Col. Prideaux's 'Notes for a Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald' (London, 1901) p. 72.

⁵ To whom FitzGerald pleasantly refers in a letter to W. Aldis Wright under date of May, 1883: "I shall try for Robert Groome to meet him," (Charles Keene,) "and Loder is a Rock of Ages to rely on."—'More Letters,' p. 283 (1901).

portrait of Mary Frances FitzGerald⁶ reproduced from the rare mezzotint, is in itself a reproduction in black and white of the original painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and so far as we are aware has never before been made public. The alleged resemblance between mother and son is here seen to have a foundation in fact. Groome's photograph is delightfully characteristic of the Scholar Gipsy; the unconcern of the man, his lack of pose, make a mere snap-shot unique in its way: the equally

⁶ "My sister Lusia's Widower has sent me a drawing by Sir T. Lawrence of my Mother: bearing a surprising resemblance to—The Duke of Wellington. This was done in her earlier days—I suppose not long after I was born—for her, and his (Lawrence's) friend Mrs. Wolff: and though I think too Wellingtonian, the only true likeness of her. Engravings were made of it—so good as to be facsimiles, I think—to be given away to Friends. 'Letters to Fanny Kemble.' P. 177. March 26, 1880. Earlier (Feb. 27, 1872) he had written her.

"She was a remarkable woman, as you said in a former letter, and as I constantly believe in outward Beauty—as an Index of a Beautiful Soul within, I used sometimes to wonder which feature in her fine face betrayed what was not so good in her Character. I think (as usual) the Lips: there was a trait of Mischief about them now and then, like that in—the Tail of a Cat!—otherwise so smooth and amiable."

"I remember her very well more than sixty years ago! She used to drive up to my father's in her carriage with four superb black horses. . . . She was very partial to my father and a good customer as well. She was rather a short woman,—you would hardly think that from the portrait,—but used to sit very highly cushioned in her carriage and thus make the most of herself."—J. L.

excellent likeness of his dog, who bears him faithful company, must go down in canine portraiture along with Rab and Geist and the other immortal dogs of literary masters.

An unpublished letter, reproduced in facsimile, was written to one Ablett Pasifull, an old seafaring man still living. Even the book-plate, "done by Thackeray one day in Coram Street in 1842," in which the likeness is supposed to be that of Mrs. Brookfield, "all wrong on her feet, so he said," finds its appropriate place inside our covers. Taken as a whole we have aimed to present a little picture-cycle from birthplace through the scenes of daily life down to the last scene of all—Boulge churchyard with its profound inscription—"It is *He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.*"

It was at Bredfield 'Hall' or 'House,' the terms seem interchangeable, that FitzGerald was born, where from upper windows as a child he saw the masts of ships at sea in Hollesley Bay. Contributions of collateral interest have been included in this reissue of *An Aftermath* as for example, FitzGerald's minor poems, which are surely in keeping with the field-paths and green lanes of

Woodbridge and vicinity. The notes on Lamb are also well to reprint; — while not to have given Archdeacon Groome's *The Only Darter*⁷ and "*Master Charley*," which constitute his surest passport to the love and gratitude of every reader into whose hands they may come, would have been a lamentable omission. Both stories belong to our readers. The first and best known was reprinted as will be seen by Mr. John Loder (may he outlive us all!) for FitzGerald; the second is fully its equal: together they are examples of that exquisite knowledge and charity which is no other than Love Divine made manifest in the man who *could* write them down, and the poor Suffolk yeomen whose experiences they narrate. That E. F. G.

⁷ In a letter to W. Aldis Wright dated June 11, 1878, FitzGerald referring to Carlyle and his niece goes on to say: "I sent them Groome's 'Only Darter' which I think so good that I shall get him to let me print it for others besides those of the Ipswich Journal: it seems to me a beautiful Suffolk 'Idyll' (why not *Eidyll*?) and so it seemed to those at Chelsea."

A few weeks later (July 2) to C. E. Norton we read: "I had sent him (Carlyle) the enclosed paper, written by a Suffolk Archdeacon for his Son's *East Anglian Notes and Queries*: and now reprinted, with his permission, by me, for the benefit of others, yourself among the number. . . . If I were in America, at your home, I would recite it to you; nay, were the Telephone prepared across the Atlantic!"
'Letters,' Vol. II, pp. 252, 253 (1894).

loved such work deepens our love for him. Finally, by the inclusion of Mr. Edward Clodd's rare little brochure, of which only fifty copies were struck off for private circulation, we bring to an end our volume of *Memorabilia*.

Having thus made clear the scope and purpose of these interesting and mutually related *personalia* we would fain close with a few words upon Edward FitzGerald and three others who were very dear to him: William Makepeace Thackeray, Thomas Carlyle, Alfred, Lord Tennyson. It was no dying flame upon the altar of Truth and Beauty, one and indivisible, that these men kindled, soon lit and soon blown out. Though "they are all gone into the world of light," they have left behind them a glory and a gleam not quenched in dust. Still do they voice in language of essential unity,

"The kind wise word that falls from years that fall —
Hope thou not much and fear thou not at all."

It is true the old order changes slowly. Woodbridge retains its immemorial quiet as in the days when FitzGerald paced its ancient thoroughfares, and as of yore "the Deben winds away in full tide

to the sea." Be not forgetful of him, little town !
In his secret heart he loved your fast-fading
Old-world quaintnesses : you gave him of your
serenity, and he accepted it. To us, who come on
pilgrimage and presently depart, grant the like
blessedness of unhaste, "when lights are low and
tides are out," that once was his, who now has
deeper, elemental peace :

"The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm."



THE TARNO RYE







FRANCIS HINDES GROOME



THE TARNO RYE

(FRANCIS HINDES GROOME)

HAVE been invited by the editor of the *Athenæum* to write a few words about my late friend and colleague Francis Hindes Groome, who died on January 24th, 1902, and was buried among his forefathers at Monk Soham in Suffolk. I find the task extremely difficult. Though he died at fifty, he, with the single exception of Borrow, had lived more than any other friend of mine, and perhaps suffered more. Indeed, his was one of the most remarkable and romantic literary lives that, since Borrow's, have been lived in my time.

The son of an Archdeacon of Suffolk, he was born on August 30th, 1851, at Monk Soham Rectory, where, I believe, his father and his grandfather were born, and where they certainly lived; for—as has been recorded in one of the invaluable registry books of my friend Mr. F. A. Crisp—he belonged to one of the oldest and most

distinguished families in Suffolk. He was sent early to Ipswich School, where he was a very popular boy, but never strong and never fond of athletic exercises. His early taste for literature is shown by the fact that with his boy friend Henry Elliot Malden he originated a school magazine called the *Elizabethan*. Like many an organ originated in the outer world, the *Elizabethan* failed because it would not, or could not, bring itself into harmony with the public taste. The boys wanted news of cricket and other games: Groome and his assistant editor gave them literature as far as it was in their power to do so. The Ipswich School was a very good one for those who got into the sixth, as Groome did. The head master, Dr. Holden, was a very fine scholar; and it is no wonder that Groome throughout his life showed a considerable knowledge of and interest in classical literature. That he had a real insight into the structure of Latin verse is seen by a rendering of Tennyson's 'Tithonus,' which Mr. Malden has been so very good as to show me—a rendering for which he got a prize. In 1869 he got prizes for classical literature, Latin prose, Latin elegiacs, and Latin hexameters. But if Dr. Holden exercised much influence over Groome's taste, the assistant master, Mr. Sanderson, certainly exercised more, for Mr. Sanderson was an enthusiastic student of Romany. The influence of the assistant master was soon seen after Groome went up to

Oxford. He was ploughed for his "Smalls," and, remaining up for part of the "Long," he went one night to a fair at Oxford at which many gipsies were present—an incident which forms an important part of his gipsy story 'Kriegspiel.' Groome at once struck up an acquaintance with the gipsies at the fair. It occurred also that Mr. Sanderson, after Groome had left Ipswich School, used to go and stay at Monk Soham Rectory every summer for fishing; and this tended to focus Groome's interest in Romany matters. At Göttingen, where he afterwards went, he found himself in a kind of Romany atmosphere, for, owing perhaps to Benfey's having been a Göttingen man, Romany matters were still somewhat rife there in certain sets.

The period from his leaving Göttingen to his appearance in Edinburgh in 1876 as a working literary man of amazing activity, intelligence, and knowledge is the period that he spent among the gipsies. And it is this very period of wild adventure and romance that it is impossible for me to dwell upon here. But on some future occasion I hope to write something about his adventures as a Romany Rye. His first work was on the 'Globe Encyclopædia,' edited by Dr. John Ross. Even at that time he was very delicate and subject to long wearisome periods of illness. During his work on the 'Globe' he fell seriously ill in the middle of the letter *S*. Things were going very

badly with him; but they would have gone much worse had it not been for the affection and generosity of his friend and colleague Prof. H. A. Webster, who, in order to get the work out in time, sat up night after night in Groome's room, writing articles on Sterne, Voltaire, and other subjects. Webster's kindness, and afterwards the kindness of Dr. Patrick, endeared Edinburgh and Scotland to the "Tarno Rye." As Webster was at that time on the staff of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' I think, but I do not know, that it was through him that Groome got the commission to write his article 'Gypsies' in that stupendous work. I do not know whether it is the most important, but I do know that it is one of the most thorough and conscientious articles in the entire encyclopædia. This was followed by his being engaged by Messrs. Jack to edit the 'Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland,' a splendid work, which on its completion was made the subject of a long and elaborate article in the *Athenæum*—an article which was a great means of directing attention to him, as he always declared. Anyhow, people now began to inquire about Groome. In 1880 he brought out 'In Gypsy Tents,' which I shall describe further on. In 1885 he was chosen to join the staff of Messrs. W. & R. Chambers. It is curious to think of the "Tarno Rye," perhaps the most variously equipped literary man in Europe, after such adventures as his, sitting from ten to four every day on

the sub-editorial stool. He was perfectly content on that stool, however, owing to the genial kindness of his colleague. As sub-editor under Dr. Patrick, and also as a very copious contributor, he took part in the preparation of the new edition of 'Chambers's Encyclopædia.' He took a large part also in preparing 'Chambers's Gazetteer' and 'Chambers's Biographical Dictionary.' Meanwhile he was writing articles in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' articles in *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Bookman*, and also reviews upon special subjects in the *Athenaeum*.

This was followed in 1887 by a short Border history, crammed with knowledge. In 1895 his name became really familiar to the general reader by his delightful little volume 'Two Suffolk Friends'—sketches of his father and his father's friend Edward Fitzgerald—full of humour and admirable character-drawing.

In 1896 he published his Romany novel 'Kriegspiel,' which did not meet with anything like the success it deserved, although I must say he was himself in some degree answerable for its comparative failure. The origin of the story was this. Shortly after our intimacy I told him that I had written a gipsy story dealing with the East Anglian gipsies and the Welsh gipsies, but that it had been so dinned into me by Borrow that in England there was no interest in the gipsies that I had never found heart

to publish it. Groome urged me to let him read it, and he did read it, as far as it was then complete, and took an extremely kind view of it, and urged me to bring it out. But now came another and a new cause for delay in my bringing out 'Aylwin': Groome himself, who at that time knew more about Romany matters than all other Romany students of my acquaintance put together, showed a remarkable gift as a *raconteur*, and I felt quite sure that he could, if he set to work, write a Romany story—*the* Romany story of the English language. He strongly resisted the idea for a long time—for two or three years at least—and he was only persuaded to undertake the task at last by my telling him that I would never bring out my story until he brought out one himself. At last he yielded, told me of a plot, a capital one, and set to work upon it. When it was finished he sent the manuscript to me, and I read it through with the greatest interest, and also the greatest care. I found, as I expected to find, that the gipsy chapters were simply perfect, and that it was altogether an extremely clever romance; but I felt also that Groome had given no attention whatever to the structure of a story. Incidents of the most striking and original kind were introduced at the wrong places, and this made them interesting no longer. So persuaded was I that the story only needed recasting to prove a real success that I devoted days, and even weeks, to going through

the novel, and indicating where the transpositions should take place. Groome, however, had got so entirely sick of his novel before he had completed it that he refused absolutely to put another hour's work into it; for, as he said, "the writing of it had already been a loss to the pantry." He sent it, as it was, to an eminent firm of publishers, who, knowing Groome and his abilities, would have willingly taken it if they had seen their way to do so. But they could not, for the very reasons that had induced me to recast it, and they declined it. The book was then sent round to publisher after publisher with the same result; and yet there was more fine substance in this novel than in five ordinary stories. It was at last through the good offices of Mr. Coulson Kernahan that it was eventually taken by Messrs. Ward & Lock; and, although it won warm eulogies from such great writers as George Meredith, it never made its way. Its failure distressed me far more than it distressed Groome, for I loved the man, and knew what its success would have been to him. Amiable and charming as Groome was, there was in him a singular vein of dogged obstinacy after he had formed an opinion; and he not only refused to recast his story, but refused to abandon the absurd name of 'Kriegspiel' for a volume of romantic gipsy adventure. I suspect that a large proportion of people who asked for 'Kriegspiel' at Mudie's and Smith's consisted of officers

who thought that it was a book on the German war game. I tried to persuade him to begin another gipsy novel, but found it quite impossible to do so. But even then I waited before bringing out my own prose story. I published instead my poem in which was told the story of Rhona Boswell, which, to my own surprise and Groome's, had a success, notwithstanding its gipsy subject. Then I brought out my gipsy story, and accepted its success rather ungratefully, remembering how the greatest gipsy scholar in the world had failed in this line. In 1899 he published 'Gypsy Folk-Tales,' in which he got the aid of the first Romany scholar now living, Mr. John Sampson. And this was followed in 1901 by his edition of 'Lavengro,' which, notwithstanding certain unnecessary carpings at Borrow — such, for instance, as the assertion that the word "dook" is never used in Anglo-Romany for "ghost" — is beyond any doubt the best edition of the book ever published. The introduction gives sketches of all the Romany Ryes and students of Romany, from Andrew Boorde (*c.* 1490–1549) down to Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. David MacRitchie. During this time it was becoming painfully perceptible to me that his physical powers were waning, although for two years that decadence seemed to have no effect upon his mental powers. But at last, while he was working on a book in which he took the deepest interest — the new edition of 'Chambers's Cyclopædia of

English Literature' — it became manifest that the general physical depression was sapping the forces of the brain.

But it is personal reminiscences of Groome that I have been invited to write, and I have not yet even begun upon these. Our close friendship dated no further back than 1881 — the year in which died the great "Romany Rye." Indeed, it was owing to Borrow's death, coupled with Groome's interest in that same Romany girl Sinfy Lovell, whom the eloquent Romany preacher "Gipsy Smith" has lately been expatiating upon to immense audiences, that I first became acquainted with Groome. Although he has himself in some magazine told the story, it seems necessary for me to retell it here, for I know of no better way of giving the readers of the *Athenæum* a picture of Frank Groome as he lives in my mind.

It was in 1881 that Borrow, who some seven years before went down to Oulton, as he told me, "to die," achieved death. And it devolved upon me as the chief friend of his latest years to write an obituary notice of him in the *Athenæum*. Among the many interesting letters that it brought me from strangers was one from Groome, whose name was familiar to me as the author of the article 'Gypsies' in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' But besides this I had read 'In Gypsy Tents,' a picture of the very kind of gipsies I knew myself, those of East Anglia — a picture whose photographic truth had quite

startled me. Howsoever much of matter of fact may be worked into 'Lavengro' (and to no one did Borrow talk with so little reticence upon this delicate subject as to me during many a stroll about Wimbledon Common and Richmond Park), I am certain that his first-hand knowledge of gipsy life was quite superficial compared with Groome's during the nine years or so that he was brought into contact with them in Great Britain and on the Continent. Hence a book like 'In Gypsy Tents' has for a student of Romany subjects an interest altogether different from that which Borrow's books command; for while Borrow, the man of genius, throws by the very necessities of his temperament the colours of romance around his gipsies, the characters of 'In Gypsy Tents,' depicted by a man of remarkable talent merely, are as realistic as though painted by Zola, while the wealth of gipsy lore at his command is simply overwhelming. At that time — with the exception of Borrow and the late Sir Richard Burton — the only man of letters with whom I had been brought into contact who knew anything about the gipsies was Tom Taylor, whose picture of Romany life in an anonymous story called 'Gypsy Experiences,' which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* in 1851, and in his play 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' is not only fascinating, but on the whole true. By-the-by, this charming play might be revived now that there is a revived interest in

Romany matters. Mr. George Meredith's wonderful 'Kiomi' was a picture, I think, of the only Romany child he knew; but genius such as his needs little straw for the making of bricks. The letter I received from Groome enclosed a ragged and well-worn cutting from a forgotten anonymous *Athenæum* article of mine, written as far back as 1877, in which I showed acquaintance with gipsydom and described the ascent of Snowdon in the company of Sinfi Lovell, which was afterwards removed bodily to 'Aylwin.' Here is the cutting:—

"We had a striking instance of this some years ago, when crossing Snowdon from Capel Curig, one morning, with a friend. She was not what is technically called a lady, yet she was both tall and, in her way, handsome, and was far more clever than many of those who might look down upon her; for her speculative and her practical abilities were equally remarkable: besides being the first palmist of her time, she had the reputation of being able to make more clothes-pegs in an hour, and sell more, than any other woman in England. The splendour of that 'Snowdon sunrise' was such as we can say, from much experience, can only be seen about once in a lifetime, and could never be given by any pen or pencil. 'You don't seem to enjoy it a bit,' was the irritated remark we could not help making to our friend, who stood quite silent and apparently deaf to the rhapsodies

in which we had been indulging, as we both stood looking at the peaks, or rather at the vast masses of billowy vapours enveloping them, as they sometimes boiled and sometimes blazed, shaking, whenever the sun struck one and then another, from amethyst to vermillion, 'shot' now and then with gold. 'Don't injiy it, don't I?' said she, removing her pipe. '*You* injiy talking about it, *I* injiy lettin' it soak in.'

Groome asked whether the gipsy mentioned in the cutting was not a certain Romany chi whom he named, and said that he had always wondered who the writer of that article was, and that now he wondered no longer, for he knew him to be the writer of the obituary notice of George Borrow. Interested as I was in his letter, it came at a moment when the illness of a very dear friend of mine threw most other things out of my mind, and it was a good while before I answered it, and told him what I had to tell about my Welsh gipsy experiences and the adventure on Snowdon. I got another letter from him, and this was the beginning of a charming correspondence. After a while I discovered that there were, besides Romany matters, other points of attraction between us. Groome was the son of Edward FitzGerald's intimate friend Robert Hindes Groome, Archdeacon of Suffolk. Now long before the great vogue of Omar Khayyám, and, of course, long before the institution of the Omar

Khayyám Club, there was a little group of Omarians of which I was a member. I need not say here who were the others of that group, but it was to them I alluded in the 'Toast to Omar Khayyám,' which years afterwards I printed in the *Athenaeum* and have since reprinted in a volume of mine.

After a while it was arranged that he was to come and visit us for a few days at The Pines. When it got wind in the little household here that another Romany Rye, a successor to George Borrow, was to visit us, and when it further became known that he had travelled with Hungarian gipsies, Roumanian gipsies, Roumelian gipsies, &c., I don't know what kind of wild and dishevelled visitor was not expected. Instead of such a guest there appeared one of the neatest and most quiet young gentlemen who had ever presented themselves at the door. No one could possibly have dared to associate Bohemia with him. As a friend remarked who was afterwards invited to meet him at luncheon, "Clergyman's son — suckling for the Church, was stamped upon him from head to foot." I will not deny that so respectable a looking Romany Rye rather disappointed The Pines at first. At that time he was a little over thirty, but owing to his slender, graceful figure, and especially owing to his lithe movements and elastic walk, he seemed to be several years younger.

The subject of Welsh gipsies, and especially of the Romany chi of Snowdon, made us intimate friends in half an hour, and then there were East Anglia, Omar Khayyám, and Edward FitzGerald to talk about! — a delightful new friend for a man who had so lately lost the only other Romany Rye in the world. Owing to his youthful appearance, I christened him there and then the “Tarno Rye” in remembrance of that other “Tarno Rye,” whom Rhona Boswell loved. I soon found that, great as was the physical contrast between the Tarno Rye and the original Romany Rye, the mental contrast was greater still. Both were shy — very shy; but while Borrow’s shyness seemed to be born of wariness, the wariness of a man who felt that he was famous and had a part to play before an inquisitive world, Groome’s shyness arose from a modesty that was unique.

As a philologist merely, to speak of nothing else, his equipment was ten times that of Borrow, whose temperament may be called anti-academic, and who really knew nothing thoroughly. But while Borrow was for ever displaying his philology, and seemed always far prouder of it than of his fascinating powers as a writer of romantic adventures, Groome’s philological stores, like all his other intellectual riches, had to be drawn from him by his interlocutor if they were to be recognised at all. Whenever Borrow enunciated anything showing, as he

thought, exceptional philological knowledge or exceptional acquaintance with matters Romany, it was his way always to bring it out with a sort of rustic twinkle of conscious superiority, which in its way, however, was very engaging. From Groome, on the contrary, philological lore would drop, when it did come, as unconsciously as drops of rain that fall. It was the same with his knowledge of Romany matters, which was so vast. Not once in all my close intercourse with him did he display his knowledge of this subject save in answer to some inquiry. The same thing is to be noticed in 'Kriegspiel.' Romany students alone are able by reading between the lines to discover how deep is the hidden knowledge of Romany matters, so full is the story of allusions which are lost upon the general reader — lost, indeed, upon all readers except the very few. I have on a former occasion pointed out one or two of these. For instance, the gipsy villain of the story, Perun, when telling the tale of his crime against the father of the hero who married the Romany chi whom Perun had hoped to marry, makes allusion thus to the dead woman: "And then about her as I have named too often to-day." Had Borrow been alluding to the Romany taboo of the names of the dead, how differently would he have gone to work! how eager would he have been to display and explain his knowledge of this remarkable Romany superstition! The same

remark may be made upon the gipsy heroine's sly allusion in 'Kriegspiel' to "Squire Lucas," the Romany equivalent of Baron Munchausen, an allusion which none but a Romany student would understand.

Before luncheon Groome and I took a walk over the common, and along the Portsmouth Road, through the Robin Hood Gate and across Richmond Park, where Borrow and I and Dr. Hake had so often strolled. I wondered what the Gryengroes whom Borrow used to forgather with would have thought of my new friend. In personal appearance the two Romany Ryes were as unlike as in every point of character they were unlike. Borrow's giant frame made him stand conspicuous wherever he went, Groome's slender, slight body gave an impression of great agility; and the walk of the two great pedestrians was equally contrasted. Borrow's slope over the ground with the loose, long step of a hound I have, on a previous occasion, described; Groome's walk was springy as a gipsy lad's, and as noiseless as a cat's.

Of course, the talk during that walk ran very much upon Borrow, whom Groome had seen once or twice, but whom he did not in the least understand. The two men were antipathetic to each other. It was then that he told me how he had first been thrown across the gipsies, and it was then that he began to open up to me his wonderful record of experiences among them. The talk during that

first out of many most delightful strolls ran upon Benfey, and afterwards upon all kinds of Romany matters. I remember how warm he waxed upon his pet aversion, "Smith of Coalville," as he called him, who, he said, for the purposes of a professional philanthropist, had done infinite mischief to the gipsies by confounding them with all the wandering cockney raff from the slums of London.

On my repeating to him what, among other things, the Romany chi before mentioned said to me during the ascent of Snowdon from Capel Curig, that "to make *kairengroes* (house-dwellers) of full-blooded Romanies was impossible, because they were the cuckoos of the human race, who had no desire to build nests, and were pricked on to move about from one place to another over the earth," Groome's tongue became loosened, and he launched out into a monologue on this subject full of learning and full, as it seemed to me, of original views upon the Romanies.

As an instance of the cuckoo instincts of the true Romany, he told me that in North America—for which land, alas! so many of our best Romanies even in Borrow's time were leaving Gypsy Dell and the grassy lanes of old England—the gipsies have contracted a habit, which is growing rather than waning, of migrating southward in autumn and northward again in spring. He then launched out upon the subject of the wide dispersion of the Romanies not only in Europe—where they are

found from almost the extreme north to the extreme south, and from the shores of the Bosphorus to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean — but also from north to south and from east to west in Asia, in Africa, from Egypt to the very south of the Soudan, and in America from Canada to the River Amazon. And he then went on to show how intensely migratory they were over all these vast areas.

So absorbing had been the gipsy talk that I am afraid the waiting luncheon was spoilt. The little luncheon party was composed of fervent admirers of Sir Walter Scott — bigoted admirers, I fear, some of our present-day critics would have dubbed us ; and it chanced that we all agreed in pronouncing 'Guy Mannering' to be the most fascinating of all the Wizard's work. Of course Meg Merrilies became at once the centre of the talk. One contended that, great as Meg was as a woman, she was as a gipsy a failure ; in short, that Scott's idea of the Scottish gipsy woman was conventional — a fancy portrait in which are depicted some of the loftiest characteristics of the Highland woman rather than of the Scottish gipsy. The true Romany chi can be quite as noble as Meg Merrilies, said one, but great in a different way. From Meg Merrilies the talk naturally turned upon Jane Gordon of Kirk Yetholm, Meg's prototype, who, when an old woman, was ducked to death in the River Eden at Carlisle. Then came the subject of Kirk Yetholm itself, the famous

headquarters of the Scotch Romanies; and after this it naturally turned to Kirk Yetholm's most famous inhabitant, old Will Faas, the gipsy king, whose corpse was escorted to Yetholm by three hundred and more donkeys. And upon all these subjects Groome's knowledge was like an inexhaustible fountain; or rather it was like a tap, ready to supply any amount of lore when called upon to do so.

But it was not merely upon Romany subjects that Groome found points of sympathy at The Pines during that first luncheon; there was that other subject before mentioned, Edward FitzGerald and *Omar Khayyám*. We, a handful of Omarians of those antediluvian days, were perhaps all the more intense in our cult because we believed it to be esoteric. And here was a guest who had been brought into actual personal contact with the wonderful old Fitz. As a child of eight he had seen him — talked with him — been patted on the head by him. Groome's father, the Archdeacon of Suffolk, was one of FitzGerald's most intimate friends. This was at once a delightful and a powerful link between Frank Groome and those at the luncheon table; and when he heard, as he soon did, the toast to "*Omar Khayyám*," none drank that toast with more gusto than he. The fact is, as the Romanies say, that true friendship, like true love, is apt to begin at first sight. But I must stop. Frequently

when the "Tarno Rye" came to England his headquarters were at The Pines. Many and delightful were the strolls he and I had together. One day we went to hear a gipsy band supposed to be composed of Roumelian gipsies. After we had listened to several well-executed things Groome sauntered up to one of the performers and spoke to him in Roumelian Romany. The man, although he did not understand Groome, knew that he was speaking Romany of some kind, and began speaking in Hungarian Romany, and was at once responded to by Groome in that variety of the Romany tongue. Groome then turned to another of the performers, and was answered in English Romany. At last he found one, and one only, in the band who was a Roumelian gipsy, and a conversation between them at once began.

This incident affords an illustration of the width as well as the thoroughness of Groome's knowledge of Romany matters. I have affirmed in 'Aylwin' that Sinfi Lovell—a born linguist who could neither read nor write—was the only gipsy who knew both English and Welsh Romany. Groome was one of the few Englishmen who knew the most interesting of all varieties of the Romany tongue. But latterly he talked a great deal of the vast knowledge of the Welsh gipsies, both as to language and folk-lore, possessed by Mr. John Sampson, University Librarian at Liverpool, the scholar who did so much to aid Groome

in his last volume on Romany subjects, called 'Gypsy Folk-Tales.' It therefore gives me the greatest pleasure to end these very inadequate words of mine with a beautiful little poem in Welsh Romany by Mr. Sampson upon the death of the "Tarno Rye." In a very few years Welsh Romany will become absolutely extinct, and then this little gem, so full of the Romany feeling, will be greatly prized. I wish I could have written the poem myself, but no man could have written it save Mr. Sampson :—

STANYAKERÉSKI

Romano ráia, prala, jinimángro,
 Konyo chumeráva to chikát,
 Shukar java mangi, ta mukáva
 Tut te 'já kamdóm me — kushki rat!

Kamli, savimáska, sas i sarla,
 Baro zí sas tut, sar, taro rom,
 Lhatián i jivimáska patrin,
 Ta lián o purikeno drom.

Boshadé i chiriklé veshténdi;
 Sanilé 'pre tuti chal ta chai;
 Müri, püv ta pāni tu kamésas
 Dudyerás o sonakó lilaí.

Palla 'vena brishin, shil, la baval:
 Sa'o divés tu murshkinés pírdán:
 Ako kino 'vesa, rat avéla,
 Chēros sī te kesa tiro tan.

Parl o tamlo merimásko pāni
 Dava tuki miro vast, ta so
 Tu kamésas tire kokoréski
 Mai kamáva — “Te sovés mistō !”

Translation

TO FRANCIS HINDES GROOME

Scholar Gypsy, Brother, Student,
 Peacefully I kiss thy forehead,
 Quietly I depart and leave
 Thee whom I loved — “Good night.”

Sunny, smiling was the morning;
 A light heart was thine, as, a youth,
 Thou didst strike life's trail
 And take the ancient road.

The birds sang in the woods,
 Man and maid laughed on thee,
 The hills, field, and water thou didst love
 The golden summer illuminated.

Then come the rain, cold, and wind.
 All the day thou hast tramped bravely.
 Now thou growest weary, night comes on.
 It is time to make thy tent.

Across death's dark stream
 I give thee my hand; and what
 Thou wouldst have desired for thyself
 I wish thee — mayst thou sleep well.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

EDWARD FITZGERALD
AN AFTERMATH

*Gone into darkness, that full light
Of friendship ! past, in sleep, away
By night, into the deeper night !
The deeper night ? A clearer day
Than our poor twilight dawn on earth —
If night, what barren toil to be !
What life, so maim'd by night, were worth
Our living out ? Not mine to me
Remembering all the golden hours
Now silent, and so many dead,
And him the last.*

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.



EDWARD FITZGERALD

AN AFTERMATH

MY earliest recollections of FitzGerald go back to thirty-six years. He and my father were old friends and neighbours—in East Suffolk, where neighbours are few, and fourteen miles counts for nothing. They never were great correspondents, for what they had to say to one another they said mostly by word of mouth. So there were notes, but no letters; and the notes have nearly all perished. In the summer of 1859 we were staying at Aldeburgh, a favourite place with my father, as the home of his forefathers. They were sea-folk; and Robinson Groome, my great-grandfather, was owner of the *Unity* lugger, on which the poet Crabbe went up to London. When his son, my grandfather, was about to take orders, he expressed a timid hope that the bishop would deem him a proper candidate. “And who the devil in hell,” cried

Robinson Groome, "should he ordain if he doesn't ordain you, my dear?"¹ This I have heard my father tell FitzGerald, as also of his "Aunt Peggy and Aunt D." (*i.e.*, Deborah), who, if ever Crabbe was mentioned in their hearing, always smoothed their black mittens and remarked — "*We* never thought much of Mr. Crabbe."

Our house was Clare Cottage, where FitzGerald himself lodged long afterwards. "Two little rooms, enough for me; a poor civil woman pleased to have me in them." It fronts the sea, and is (or was) a small two-storeyed house, with a patch of grass before it, a summer-house, and a big white figurehead, belike of the shipwrecked Clare. So over the garden-gate FitzGerald leant one June morning, and asked me, a boy of eight, was my father at home. I remember him dimly then as a tall sea-browned man, who took us boys out for several sails, on the first of which I and a brother were both of us woefully sea-sick. Afterwards I remember picnics down the Deben river, and visits to him at Woodbridge, first in his lodgings on the Market Hill over Berry the gunsmith's, and then at his own house, Little Grange. The last was in May 1883.

¹ A copy of his will lies before me; it opens: — "In the name of God, Amen. I, Robinson Groome, of Aldeburgh, Suffolk, mariner, being of sound mind and disposing disposition, and considering the perils and dangers of the seas and other uncertainties of this transitory world, do, for the sake of avoiding controversies after my decease, make this my Will," &c.

My father and I had been spending a few days with Captain Brooke of Ufford, the possessor of one of the finest private libraries in England.¹ From Ufford we drove on to Woodbridge, and passed some pleasant hours with FitzGerald. We walked down to the riverside, and sat on a bench at the foot of the lime-tree walk. There was a small boy, I remember, wading among the ooze ; and FitzGerald, calling him to him, said — “ Little boy, did you never hear tell of the fate of the Master of Ravenswood ? ” And then he told him the story. At dinner there was much talk, as always, of many things, old and new, but chiefly old ; and at nine we started on our homeward drive. Within a month I heard that FitzGerald was dead.

From my own recollections, then, of FitzGerald himself, but still more of my father’s frequent talk of him, from some notes and fragments that have escaped hebdomadal burnings, from a visit that I paid to Woodbridge in the summer of 1889, and from reminiscences and unpublished letters furnished by friends of FitzGerald, I purpose to weave a patchwork article, which shall in

¹ Years before, FitzGerald and my father called together at Ufford. The drawing-room there had been newly refurnished, and FitzGerald sat himself down on an amber satin couch. Presently a black stream was seen trickling over it. It came from a penny bottle of ink, which FitzGerald had bought in Woodbridge and put in a tail-pocket.

some ways supplement Mr. Aldis Wright's edition of his Letters.¹ Those letters surely will take a high place in literature, on their own merits, quite apart from the interest that attaches to the translator of Omar Khayyám, to the friend of Thackeray, Tennyson, and Carlyle. Here and there I may cite them; but whoso will know FitzGerald must go to the fountain-head. And yet that the letters by themselves may convey a false impression of the man is evident from several articles on them—the best and worst Mr. Gosse's in the 'Fortnightly' (July 1889).² Mr. Gosse sums him up in the statement that "his time, when the roses were not being pruned, and when he was not making discreet journeys in uneventful directions, was divided between music, which greatly

¹ Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald. (3 vols. Macmillan, 1889; 2d ed. of Letters, 2 vols. 1894.) Reference may also be made to Mr. Wright's article in the 'Dictionary of National Biography'; to another, of special charm and interest, by Professor Cowell, in the new edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia; to Sir Frederick Pollock's Personal Reminiscences; to the Life of Lord Houghton; to an article by Edward Clodd in the 'English Illustrated Magazine' (1894); to the 'Edinburgh Review' (1895); and to FitzGerald's Letters to Fanny Kemble in 'Temple Bar' (1895). [These last have been edited by W. Aldis Wright—'Letters of Edward FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble, 1871-1883.' London, 1895. A final volume entitled 'More Letters of Edward FitzGerald' appeared in 1901.]

[² This article has since then been revised and reissued in 'Critical Kit-Kats' by Edmund Gosse. London, 1896.]

occupied his younger thought, and literature, which slowly, but more and more exclusively, engaged his attention." There is truth in the statement; still this pruner of roses, who of rose-pruning knew absolutely nothing, was one who best loved the sea when the sea was rough, who always put into port of a Sunday that his men might "get their hot dinner." He was one who would give his friend of the best—oysters, maybe, and audit ale, which "dear old Thompson" used to send him from Trinity—and himself the while would pace up and down the room, munching apple or turnip, and drinking long draughts of milk. He was a man of marvellous simplicity of life and matchless charity: hereon I will quote a letter of Professor Cowell's, who did, if any one, know FitzGerald well:—

"He was no Sybarite. There was a vein of strong scorn of all self-indulgence in him, which was very different. He was, of course, very much of a recluse, with a vein of ~~misanthropy~~ towards men in the abstract, joined to a tender-hearted sympathy for the actual men and women around him. He was the very reverse of Carlyle's description of the sentimental philanthropist, who loves man in the abstract, but is intolerant of 'Jack and Tom, who have wills of their own.' "

FitzGerald's charities are probably forgotten, unless by the recipients; and how many of them must be dead, old soldiers as they mostly were, and suchlike! But

this I have heard, that one man borrowed £200 of him.¹ Three times he regularly paid the interest, and the third time FitzGerald put his note of hand in the fire, just saying he thought that would do. His simplicity dated from very early times. For when he was at Trinity, his mother called on him in her coach-and-four, and sent a gyp to ask him to step down to the college-gate, but he could not come — his only pair of shoes was at the cobbler's. And down to the last he was always perfectly careless as to dress. I can see him now, walking down into Woodbridge, with an old Inverness cape, double-breasted, flowered satin waistcoat, slippers on feet, and a handkerchief, very likely, tied over his hat. Yet one always recognised in him the Hidalgo. Never was there a more perfect gentleman. His courtesy came out even in his rebukes. A lady one day was sitting in a Woodbridge shop, gossiping to a friend about the eccentricities of the Squire of Boulge, when a gentleman, who was sitting with his back to them, turned round, and, gravely bowing, gravely said, "Madam, he is my brother." They were eccentric, certainly, the FitzGeralds. FitzGerald himself remarked of the family: "We are all mad, but with this difference — *I* know that I am." And of that same brother he once wrote to my father:—

[¹ The sum lent to this friend was £500. J. L.]

LOWESTOFT: *Dec. 2/66.*

MY DEAR GROOME,—“At least for what I know” (as old Isaac Clarke used to say), I shall be at home next week as well as this. How could you *expect* my Brother 3 times? You, as well as others, should really (for his Benefit, as well as your own) either leave it all to Chance, or appoint *one* Day, and then decline any further Negotiation. This would really spare poor John an immense deal of (in sober Truth) “Taking the Lord’s Name in vain.” I mean his eternal *D.V.*, which, translated, only means, “If *I* happen to be in the Humour.” You must know that the feeling of being *bound* to an Engagement is the very thing that makes him wish to break it. Spedding once told me this was rather my case. I believe it, and am therefore shy of ever making an engagement. *O si sic omnia!*—Yours truly,

E. F. G.

Of another brother, Peter, the Catholic brother, as John was the Protestant one, he wrote:—

LOWESTOFT, *Tuesday, Feb. 16, 1875.*

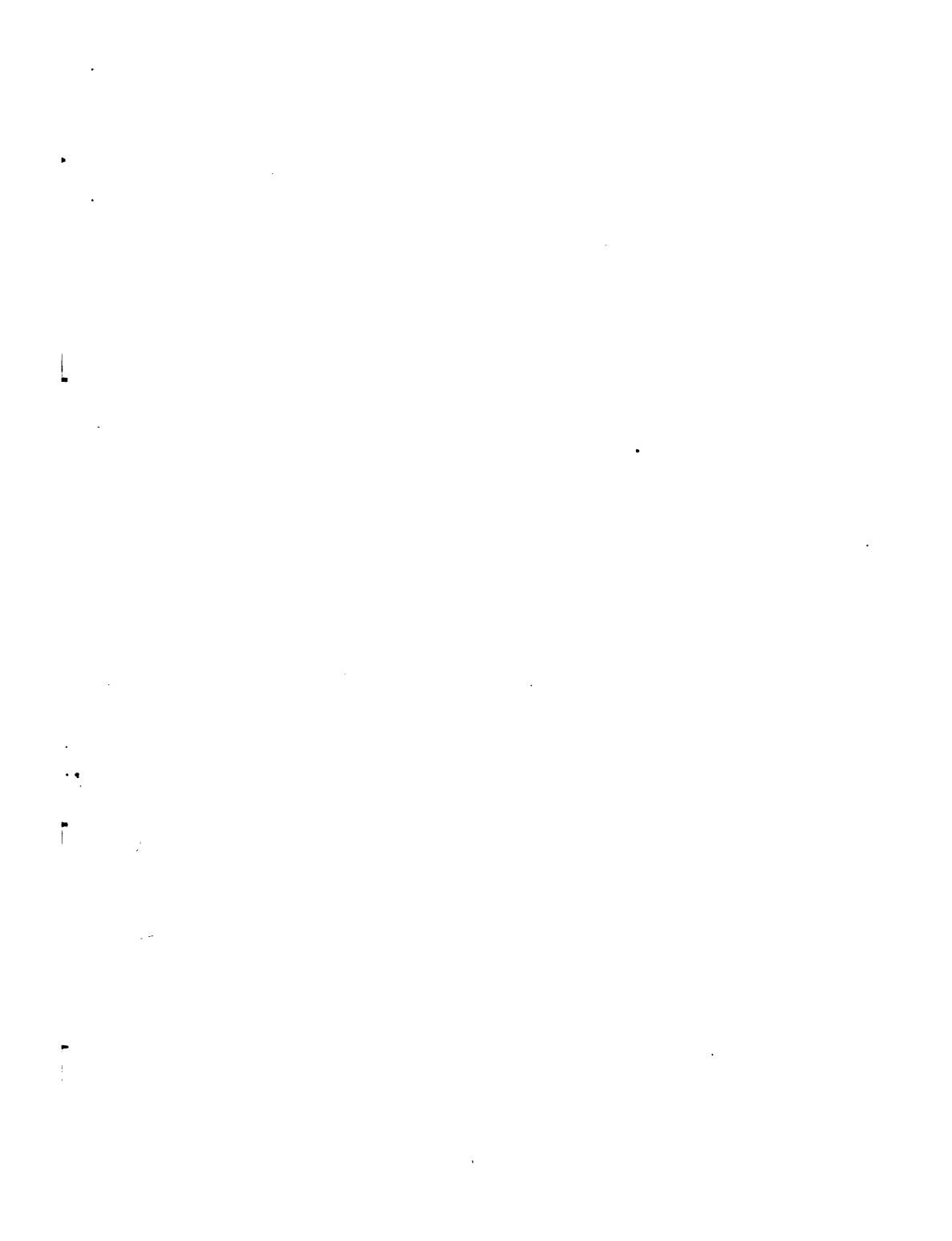
You may have heard that my Brother Peter is dead, of Bronchitis, at Bournemouth. He was taken seriously ill on Thursday last, and died on Saturday without pain; and I am told that his last murmured words were *my* name—thrice repeated. A more amiable Gentleman did not live,

with something *helpless* about him — what the Irish call an “Innocent man” — which mixed up Compassion with Regard, and made it perhaps stronger. . . .

Many odd tales were current in Woodbridge about FitzGerald himself. How once, for example, he sailed over to Holland, meaning to look upon Paul Potter’s “Bull,” but how, on arriving there, he found a favourable homeward breeze, and so sailed home. How, too, he took a ticket for Edinburgh, but at Newcastle found a train on the point of starting for London, and, thinking it a pity to lose the chance, returned thereby. Both stories must be myths, for we learn from his letters that in 1861 he really did spend two days in Holland, and in 1874 other two in Scotland. Still, I fancy both stories emanated from FitzGerald, for all Woodbridge united could not have hit upon Paul Potter’s “Bull.”

Except in February 1867, when he was strongly opposed to Lord Rendlesham’s election, he took no active part in politics.

“~~Do~~ Don’t write politics — I agree with you beforehand,” is a postscript (1852) to Frederic Tennyson; and in a letter from Mr. William Bodham Donne to my father occurs this passage: “E. F. G. informs me that he gave his landlord instructions in case any one called about his vote to say that Mr. F. would *not* vote, advised every one





MARY FRANCES FITZ GERALD

to do the same, and let the rotten matter bust itself." So it certainly stands in the letter, which bears date 29th October 1868 ; but, according to Mr. Mowbray Donne, "the phrase was rather: 'Let the rotten old ship go to pieces of itself.' At least," he adds, "so I have always heard it ; and this suggests that once there was a galleon worth preserving, but that he would not patch up the old craft. He may have said both, of course." Anyhow, rightly or wrongly, FitzGerald was sorrowfully convinced that England's best day was over, and that he, that any one, was powerless to arrest the inevitable doom. "I am quite assured that this Country is dying, as other Countries die, as Trees die, atop first. The lower limbs are making all haste to follow." He wrote thus in 1861, when the local squirearchy refused to interest itself in the "*manuring* and *skrimmaging*" of the newly established rifle corps. And here are some more vaticinations of evil :—

"I have long felt about England as you do, and even made up my mind to it, so as to sit comparatively, if ignobly, easy on that score. Sometimes I envy those who are so old that the Curtain will probably fall on them before it does on their Country. If one could save the Race, what a Cause it would be ! not for one's own glory as a member of it, nor even for its glory as a Nation : but because it is the only spot in Europe where Freedom keeps her place. Had I Alfred's voice, I would not have mumbled for years over In Memo-

riam and The Princess, but sung such strains as would have revived the *Μαραθωναμάχος* to guard the territory they had won."

The curtain has fallen twelve years now on FitzGerald,—it is fifty-four years since he wrote those words: God send their dark forebodings may prove false! But they clouded his life, and were partly the cause why, Ajax-like, he loitered in his tent.

His thoughts on religion he kept to himself. A letter of June 1885 from the late Master of Trinity to my father opens thus:—

"**MY DEAR ARCHDEACON**,—I ought to have thanked you ere this for your letter, and the enclosed hymn, which we much admire, and cannot but be touched by.¹ The more perhaps as our dear dead friend seems to have felt its pathos. I have more to repent of than he had. Two of the purest-living men among my intimates, FitzGerald and Spedding, were prisoners in Doubting Castle all their lives, or at least the last half of them. This is to me a great problem,—not to be solved by the ordinary expedients, nor on this side the Veil, I think."

A former rector of Woodbridge, now many years dead, once called on FitzGerald to express his regret that he never saw him at church. "Sir," said FitzGerald, "you might have conceived that a man has not come to my

¹ This was the hymn—its words, like the music, by my father—that is printed at the end of this volume.

years of life without thinking much of these things. I believe I may say that I have reflected on them fully as much as yourself. You need not repeat this visit." Certain it is that FitzGerald's was a most reverent mind, and I know that the text on his grave was of his own choosing—"It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves." I know, too, that sometimes he would sit and listen in a church porch while service was going on, and slip away unperceived before the people came out. Still, it seems to me beyond question that his version of the 'Rubáiyát' is an utterance of his soul's deepest doubts, and that hereafter it will come to be recognised as the highest expression of Agnosticism:—

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow ;
 And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing ;
 And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

* * * * *

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go

Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

Yet to how many critics this has seemed but a poem of
the wine-cup and roses!

FitzGerald proved a most kindly contributor to the series of "Suffolk Notes and Queries" that I edited for the 'Ipswich Journal' in 1877-78. The following were some of his notes, all signed "Effigy"—a play on his initials:—

"*Major Moor, David Hume, and the Royal George.*—In a review of Burton's Life of Hume, p. 354 of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' April 1849, is the following quotation from the book, and the following note upon it:

"'Page 452. "Major M——, with whom I dined yesterday, said that he had frequently met David Hume at their military mess in Scotland, and in other parties. That he was very polite and pleasant, though thoughtful in company, generally reclining his head upon his hand,

as if in study ; from which he would suddenly recover," &c. [Note by the Editor, John Mitford of Benhall.] We merely add that Major M—— was Major Moor, author of the Hindoo Pantheon, a very learned and amiable person.'

"A very odd blunder for one distinguished Suffolk man to make of another, and so near a neighbour. For David Hume died in 1776, when Major Moor was about seven years old ; by this token that (as he has told me) he saw the masts of the ROYAL GEORGE slope under water as she went down in 1782, while he was on board the transport that was to carry him to India, a cadet of thirteen years old.

"Nearly sixty years after this, Major Moor (as I also heard him relate) was among the usual company going over one of the Royal Palaces — Windsor, I think — when the cicerone pointed out a fragment of the Royal George's mast, whereupon one elderly gentleman of the party told them that *he* had witnessed the disaster ; after which Major Moor capped the general amazement by informing the little party that they had two surviving witnesses of it among them that day.

"*Suffolk Minstrelsy.* — These fragments of a Suffolk Harvest-Home Song, remembered by an old Suffolk Divine, offer room for historical and lyrical conjecture. I think the song must consist of *few* several fragments.

“‘ Row tu me, row tu me,’ says He-ne-ry Burgin,
 ‘ Row tu me, row tu me, I prah;
 For I ha’ tarn’d a Scotch robber across the salt seas,
 Tu ma-i-nt ’n my tew brothers and me.’”

“The Count de Grasse he stood amaz’d,
 And frigh-te-ned he were,
 For to see these bold Bri-tons
 So active in war.”

“*Limb.* — I find this word, whose derivation has troubled Suffolk vocabularies, quoted in its Suffolk sense from Tate Wilkinson, in ‘Temple Bar Magazine’ for January 1876. Mrs. White — an actress somewhere in the Shires, — she may have derived from Suffolk, however — addresses her daughter, Mrs. Burden, in these words: ‘I’ll tell you what, Maam, if you contradict me, I’ll fell you at my feet, and trample over your corse, Maam, for you’re a *limb*, Maam, your father on his deathbed told me you were a *limb*.’ (N.B. — Perhaps Mr. White it was who derived from *us*.) And again when poor Mrs. Burden asks what is meant by a *parenthesis*, her mother exclaims, ‘Oh, what an infernal *limb* of an actress you’ll make, not to know the meaning of *prentice*, plural of *apprentices*!’ Such is Tate’s story if correctly quoted by ‘Temple Bar.’ Not long ago I heard at Aldbro’, ‘My mother is a *limb* for salt pork.’”

The Suffolk dialect was ever a pet hobby of FitzGerald’s. For years he was meditating a new edition of

Major Moor's 'Suffolk Words,' but the question never was settled whether words of his own collecting were to be incorporated in the body of the work or relegated to an appendix. So the notion remained a notion. Much to our loss, for myself I prefer his 'Sea-Words and Phrases along the Suffolk Coast' (in the scarce 'East Anglian,' 1868-69¹) to half his translations. For this "poor old Lowestoft sea-slang," as FitzGerald slightly calls it, illustrates both his strong love of the sea and his own quaint lovable self. One turns over its pages idly, and lights on dozens of entries such as these:—

"BARK.—'The surf *bark* from the Nor'ard ;' or, as was otherwise said to me, 'The sea aint lost his woice from the Nor'ard yet,'—a sign, by the way, that the wind is to come from that quarter. A poetical word such as those whose business is with the sea are apt to use. Listening one night to the sea some way inland, a sailor said to me, 'Yes, sir, the sea roar for the loss of the wind ;' which a landsman properly interpreted as meaning

¹ Reprinted in Vol. II, of the American edition of FitzGerald's Works. ['Works of Edward FitzGerald, Translator of Omar Khayyám, Reprinted from the original impressions, with some corrections derived from his own annotated copies. In two volumes: New York and Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. London: Bernard Quaritch.' 8vo. 1887.]

only that the sea made itself heard when the wind had subsided."

"BRUSTLE.—A compound of *Bustle* and *Rustle*, I suppose. 'Why, the old girl *brustle* along like a Hedge-sparrow!'—said of a round-bowed vessel spuffling through the water. I am told that, comparing little with great, the figure is not out of the way. Otherwise, what should these ignorant seamen know of Hedge-sparrows? Some of them do, however; fond of birds, as of other pets—Children, cats, small dogs—anything in short considerably under the size of—a Bullock—and accustomed to birds-nesting over your cliff and about your lanes from childhood. A little while ago a party of Beechmen must needs have a day's frolic at the old sport; marched bodily into a neighbouring farmer's domain, ransacked the hedges, climbed the trees, coming down pretty figures, I was told, (in plainer language) with guernsey and breeches torn fore and aft; the farmer after them in a tearing rage, calling for his gun—'They were Pirates—They were the Press-gang!' and the boys in Blue going on with their game laughing. When they had got their fill of it, they adjourned to Oulton Boar for 'Half a pint'; by-and-by in came the raging farmer for a like purpose; at first growling aloof; then warming towards the good fellows, till—he joined their company, and—insisted on paying their shot."

“CARDS.—Though often carried on board to pass away the time at All-fours, Don, or Sir-wiser (*q.v.*), nevertheless regarded with some suspicion when business does not go right. A friend of mine vowed that, if his ill-luck continued, over the cards should go ; and over they went. Opinions differ as to swearing. One Captain strictly forbade it on board his lugger ; but he, also continuing to get no fish, called out, ‘Swear away, lads, and see what that’ll do.’ Perhaps he only meant as Ménage’s French Bishop did; who going one day to Court, his carriage stuck fast in a slough. The Coachman swore; the Bishop, putting his head out of the window, bid him not to do that; the Coachman declared that unless he did, his horses would never get the carriage out of the mud. ‘Well then, says the Bishop, just for this once then.’”

“EGG-BOUND.—Probably an inland word ; but it was only from one of the beach I heard it. He had a pair of — what does the reader think?—Turtle-doves in his net-loft, looking down so drolly — the delicate creatures — from their wicker cage on the rough work below, that I wondered what business they had there. But this truculent Salwager assured me seriously that he had ‘doated on them,’ and promised me the first pair they should hatch. For a long while they had no family, so long ‘*neutral*’ indeed as to cause grave doubts whether they were a pair at all. But at last one of them began to

show signs of cradle-making, picking at some hay stuffed into the wicker-bars to encourage them; and I was told that she was manifestly '*egg-bound.*' ”

“ **NEW MOON.** — When first seen, be sure to turn your money over in your pocket by way of making it grow there; provided always that you see her face to face, not through a glass (window) — for, in that case, the charm works the wrong way. ‘I see the little dear this evening, and give my money a twister; there wasn’t much, but I roused her about.’ Where ‘*her*’ means the Money, not the Moon. Every one knows of what gender all that is amiable becomes in the Sailor’s eyes: his Ship, of course — the ‘Old Dear’ — the ‘Old Girl’ — the ‘Old Beauty,’ &c. I don’t think the Sea is so familiarly addrest; *she* is almost too strong-minded, capricious, and terrible a Virago, and — he is wedded to her for better or worse. Yet I have heard the Weather (to whose instigation so much of that Sea’s ill-humours are due) spoken of by one coming up the hatchway, ‘Let’s see how *she* look now.’ The Moon is, of course, a Woman too; and as with the German, and, I believe, the ancient Oriental people, ‘the blessed Sun himself a fair hot Wench in a flame-colour’d taffeta,’ and so *she* rises, *she* sets, and *she* crosses the Line. So the Time-piece that measures the hours of day and night. A Friend’s Watch going wrong of late, I advised Regulating; but

was gravely answer'd that '*She* was a foreigner, and he did not like meddling with *her*.' The same poor ignorant was looking with me one evening at your fine old church [Lowestoft] which sadly wanted regulating too: lying all along indeed like a huge stranded Ship, with one whole side battered open to the ribs, through which 'the Sea-wind sang shrill, chill'; and he 'did not like seeing her so distress'd'; remembering boyish days, and her good old Vicar (of course I mean the *former* one: pious, charitable, venerable Francis Cunningham), and looking to lie under her walls, among his own people — 'if not,' as he said, '*somewhere else*.' Some months after, seeing the Church with her southern side restored to the sun, the same speaker cried, 'Well done, Old Girl! Up, and crow again!'"

FitzGerald's hesitancy about Major Moor's book was typical of the man. I am assured by Mr. John Loder of Woodbridge, who knew him well, that it was inordinately difficult to get him to do anything. First he would be delighted with the idea, and next he would raise up a hundred objections; then, maybe, he would again, and finally he wouldn't. The wonder then is, not that he published so little, but that he published so much; and to whom the credit thereof was largely due is indicated in this passage from a letter of Mr. W. B. Donne's, of date 25th March 1876.

"I am so delighted at the glory E. F. G. has gained by his translation of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám. The 'Contemporary Review' and the 'Spectator' newspaper! It is full time that Fitz should be disinterred, and exhibited to the world as one of the most gifted of Britons. And Bernard Quaritch deserves a piece of plate or a statue for the way he has thrust the *Rubáiyát* to the front."

There is no understanding FitzGerald till one fully realises that vulgar ambition had absolutely no place in his nature. Your ass in the lion's skin nowadays is the ass who fain would be lionised; and the modern version of the parable of the talents is too often the man who, untalented, tries to palm off Brummagem counterfeits. FitzGerald's fear was not that he would write worse than half his compeers, but that he might write as ill. "This visionary inactivity," he tells John Allen, "is better than the mischievous activity of so many I see about me." He applied Malthus's teaching to literature; he was content so long as he pleased the Tennysons, some half-dozen other friends, and himself, than whom no critic ever was more fastidious. And when one thinks of all the "great poems" that were published during his lifetime, and read and praised (more praised than read perhaps), and then forgotten, one wonders if, after all, he was so wholly wrong in that he read for profit and scribbled for amusement,—that he communed with his own heart and was still. Besides, had he not "awful

examples"? There was the Suffolk parson, his contemporary, who announced at nineteen that he had read all Shakespeare and Milton, and did not see why he should not at any rate equal them. So he fell to work—his poems were a joy to FitzGerald. Then there was Bernard Barton. FitzGerald glances at his passion for publishing, his belief that "there could not be too much poetry abroad." And lastly there was Carlyle, half scornful of FitzGerald's "ultra modesty and innocent *far-niente* life," his own superhuman activity regarded meanwhile by FitzGerald with a gentle half-pitying wonder, of which one catches a premonitory echo in this extract from a long letter¹ of Sir Frederick Pollock's to W. H. Thompson. It bears date 14th February 1840, two years before Carlyle and FitzGerald met:—

"Carlyle's 'Chartism' has been much read. It has fine things in it, but nothing new. He is eminently a man of one idea, but then neither he nor any one else knows exactly what that one is. So that by dint of shifting it about to and fro, and, as you observe, clothing his remarks in the safe obscurity of a foreign language, he

¹ That letter is one item in the printed and manuscript, prose and verse, contents of four big Commonplace Books, formed by the late Master of Trinity, and given at his death by Mrs. Thompson to my father. They included a good many unpublished poems by Lord Tennyson, Frederic Tennyson, Archbishop Trench, Thackeray, Sir F. Doyle, &c. My father gave up the *Tennysoniana* to Lord Tennyson.

manages to produce a great impression. Truly he is a trumpet that gives an uncertain sound, an instrument of no base metal, but played without book, whose compass is not ascertained, and continually failing from straining at too high a note. Spedding has not yet found him out; FitzGerald has, and we lamentably rejoice at our melancholy discovery. Never was there such a waste of Faith as in that man. He is ever preaching Faith. Very well, but in what? Why, again says he, 'Faith'—that is, Faith in Faith. Objectless, purposeless, unmeaning, disappearing, and eluding all grasp when any occasion for action arises, when anything is to be done, as sufficiently appears from the miserable unpracticability of the latter chapters of the 'Chartism,' where he comes forward to give directions for what is to be done."

FitzGerald's wide, albeit eclectic reading, is sufficiently illustrated on every page of his published Letters. When, fourteen years before his death, his eyesight began to fail him, he employed boy-readers, one of whom read him the whole of the Tichborne trial. One summer night in 1889 I sat and smoked with this boy, a pleasant young man, in the bar-parlour of the Bull Hotel. He told me how Mr. FitzGerald always gave him plenty of plum-cake, and how they used to play piquet together. Only sometimes a tame mouse would come out and sit on the table, and then not a card must be dropped. A pretty picture! In the bar-parlour sat an oldish man, who presently joined in our conversation. He had made the lead coffin for "the old Major" (FitzGerald's father),

and another for Mr. John; and he seemed half to resent that he had not performed the same office for Mr. Edward himself, for whom, however, he once built¹ a boat. He told me, moreover, how years before Mr. FitzGerald had congratulated him on some symptoms of heart disease, had said he had it himself, and was glad of it, for "when he came to die, he didn't want to have a lot of women messing about him."

Next day I went and called on FitzGerald's old housekeeper, Mrs. Howe, and her husband. She² the "Fairy Godmother," as FitzGerald delighted to call her, was blithe and chirpy as ever, with pleasant talk of "our gentleman": "So kind he was, not never one to make no obstacles. Such a joky gentleman he was, too. Why, once he says to me, 'Mrs. Howe, I didn't know we had express trains here.' And I said, 'Whatever *do* you mean, sir?' and he says, 'Why, look at Mrs. _____'s dress there.' And, sure enough, she had a long train to it, you know." Her husband ("the King of Clubs")³ was eighty-four, but the same cheery, simple soul he always was. Mr. Spalding, one broiling day, saw him standing bare-headed, and peering intently for good five

[¹ Bought, not 'built' a boat. J. L.]

[² 'She' reached her ninetieth year March 1, 1898. J. L.]

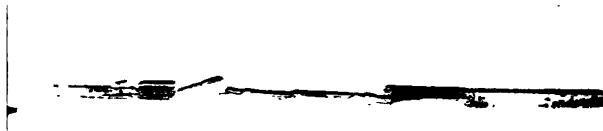
[³ This passage was written in 1889. "The King of Clubs" died in 1893. J. L.]

minutes into the pond at Little Grange. "What is it, Howe?" he asked him; and the old man presently answered, "How fond them ducks dew seem of water, *to be sure.*" Which, for some cause or other, greatly tickled FitzGerald.

I was staying in Woodbridge at the "Bull," kept whilom by "good John Grout," from whom FitzGerald procured the Scotch ale which he would set to the fire till it "just had a smile on it," and who every Christmas sent him a present of mince-pies and a jug of punch. An excellent man, and a mighty horse-dealer, better versed in horse-flesh than in literature. After a visit from Lord Tennyson, FitzGerald told Grout that Woodbridge should feel itself honoured. John had not quite understood, so presently took a chance of asking my father who that gentleman was Mr. FitzGerald had been talking of. "Mr. Tennyson," said my father, "the poet-laureate." "Dissáy,"¹ said John, warily; "anyhow he didn't fare to know much about hosses when I showed him over my stables."

From my bedroom window I could see FitzGerald's old lodgings over Berry's, where he sojourned from 1860 till 1873. The cause of his leaving them is only half told in Mr. Aldis Wright's edition of the Letters (p. 365,

¹ Suffolk for "I daresay."





BREDFIELD HOUSE

footnote). Mr. Berry, a small man,¹ had taken to himself a second wife, a buxom widow weighing fourteen stone; and she, being very genteel, could not brook the idea of keeping a lodger. So one day — I have heard FitzGerald tell the story — came a timid rap at the door of his sitting-room, a deep “Now, Berry, be firm,” and a mild “Yes, my dear;” and Berry appeared on the threshold. Hesitatingly he explained that “Mrs. Berry, you know, sir — really extremely sorry — but not been used, sir,” &c., &c. Then from the rear, a deep “And you’ve got to tell him about Old Gooseberry, Berry,” a deprecatory “Certainly, my love;” and poor Berry stammered forth, “And I am told, sir, that you said — you said — I had long been old Berry, but now — now you should call me Old Gooseberry.” So FitzGerald had to make up his mind at last to migrate to his own house, Little Grange, which he had bought more than nine years before, and enlarged and made a very pretty place of. “I shall never live in it, but I shall die there,” he once said to a friend. Both predictions were falsified, for he did live there nearly ten years, and his death took place at Merton, in Norfolk.

I wandered through the grounds of Little Grange,

[¹ Berry was *not* a ‘small man,’ but about 5 feet 8 inches and 15 stone weight. J. L.]

hardly changed except that there were now no doves.¹ There was the "Quarterdeck" walk, and there was the Summerhouse, to which Charles Keene used to retire with his bagpipes. I can hear FitzGerald saying to my father, "Keene has a theory that we open our mouths too much; but whether he bottles up his wind to play the bagpipes, or whether he plays the bagpipes to get rid of his bottled-up wind, I do not know, and I don't suppose I ever shall know."

From Little Grange I walked two miles out to Bredfield Hall, FitzGerald's birthplace. It is a stately old Jacobean mansion, though sadly plastered, for surely its natural colour is red-brick, like that of the outbuildings. Among these I came upon an old, old labourer, who "remembered Mr. Edward well. Why, he'd often come up, he would, and sit on that there bench by the canal, nivver sayin' nothin'. But he took on wonnerful, that he did, if ivver they touched any of the owd trees." Not many of them are standing now, and what there are, are all "dying atop."

It is a short walk from Bredfield Hall to Bredfield church and vicarage. Both must be a good deal altered by restoration and enlargement since the days (1834-57) of George Crabbe, the poet's son, about whom there is

[¹ All 'the doves' were pigeons. Tennyson's lines are accountable for this statement. J. L.]

so much in the Letters, and of whom I have often heard tell. He went up to the great Exhibition of 1851; and, after his return, my father asked him what he thought of it. "Thought of it, my dear sir! When I entered that vast emporium of the world's commerce, I lifted up my arms and SHOUTED for amazement." From Bredfield a charming walk through the fields (trudged how many times by FitzGerald!) leads to the little one-storeyed cottage in Boulge Park, where he lived from 1838 till 1853. It probably is scarcely changed at all, with its low-pitched thatch roof forming eyebrows over the brown-shuttered windows. "Cold and draughty," says the woman who was living in it, and who showed me FitzGerald's old parlour and bedroom. The very nails were still in the walls on which he hung his big pictures. Boulge Hall, then tenantless,¹ a large modern white-brick house, brought me soon to Boulge church, half-hidden by trees. FitzGerald sleeps beneath its red-brick tower. His grave is marked by a flat granite monument, carved with a cross-fleur. Pity, it seemed, that no roses grew over it.²

[¹ Boulge Hall for some years past has been the property of the Whites. J. L.]

² So I wrote six years since; and now a rose-tree does grow over it, a rose-tree raised in Kew Gardens from hips brought by William Simpson, the veteran artist-traveller, from Omar's grave at

Afterwards, for auld langsyne, I took a long pull down the Deben river; and next morning I visited Farlingay Hall, the farmhouse where Carlyle stayed with FitzGerald in 1855. It is not a farmhouse now, but a goodly old-fashioned mansion, red-tiled, dormer-windowed, and all covered with roses and creepers. A charming young lady showed me some of the rooms, and pointed out a fine elm-tree in the meadow, beneath which Carlyle smoked his pipe. Finally, if any one would know more of the country round Woodbridge, let him turn up an article in the 'Magazine of Art' for 1885, by Professor Sidney Colvin, on "East Suffolk Memories, Inland and Home."

But, besides this, I saw a good deal of Mr. John Loder, third in a line of Woodbridge booksellers, who knew FitzGerald for many years, and has much to tell of him which were well worth preserving. From him I received a loan of Mr. Elihu Vedder's splendid illustrations to the 'Rubáiyát,' and a couple of presents. The first is a pencil-drawing of FitzGerald's yacht; the second, a book, "made up," like so many others, by FitzGerald, and comprising this one, three French plays,

Naishápur, and planted here by my brother-members of the Omar Khayyám Club on 7th October 1893 ('Concerning a Pilgrimage to the Grave of Edward FitzGerald.' By Edward Clodd. Privately printed, 1894).





FITZ GERALD'S COTTAGE AT BOULGE

a privately printed article on Moore, and the first edition of 'A Little Dinner at Timmins's.' Then with Mr. Barrett, the Ipswich bookseller, who likewise knew FitzGerald, I had two chance meetings; and last but not least, I spent a most pleasant day at Colchester with Mr. Frederick Spalding, curator now of the museum there.

Sitting in his alcove, hewn out of the massy wall of the Norman keep, he poured forth story after story of FitzGerald, and showed me his memorials of their friendship. This was a copy of Miss Edgeworth's 'Frank,' in German and English, given to FitzGerald at Edgeworthstown (*cf.* 'Letters,' p. 74); and that, FitzGerald's own school copy of Boswell's 'Johnson,' which he gave Mr. Spalding, first writing on the fly-leaf—"He was pleased to say to me one morning when we were alone in his study, 'Boswell, I am almost easier with you than with anybody' (Vol. v, p. 75)." Here, again, was a scrap-book, containing, *inter alia*, a long and interesting unpublished letter from Carlyle to FitzGerald about the projected Naseby monument, and a fragment of a letter from Frederic Tennyson, criticising the Laureate's "Welcome to Alexandra." Not being a short-hand reporter or American interviewer, I am not going to try to reproduce Mr. Spalding's discourse (he must do that himself some day); but a letter of his in the 'East Anglian' of 8th July 1889 I will reprint:—

The fishing Lugger built at Lowestoft was named the "Meum and Tuum," commonly called by the fishermen there the "Mum and Tum," much to Mr. Fitzgerald's amusement; and the ship alluded to by Mr. Gosse was the pretty schooner of 15 tons, built by Harvey, of Wyvenhoe, and named the "Scandal," after "the main staple of Woodbridge." My friend, T. N., the skipper, gave a different account of the origin of the name. I was standing with him on the Lowestoft Fish Market, close to which the little "Scandal" was moored, after an early dive from her deck, when Tom was addressed by one of two ladies: "Pray, my man, can you tell me who owns that very pretty yacht?" "Mr. Edward Fitzgerald of Woodbridge, ma'am," said Tom, touching his cap. "And can you tell us her name?" "The 'Scandal,' ma'am." "Dear me! how came he to select such a very peculiar name?" "Well, ma'am, the fact is, all the other names were taken up, so that we were forced to have either that or none." The ladies at once moved on.

Mr. Spalding, further, has placed in my hands a bundle of seventy letters, written to himself by Fitzgerald between 1862 and 1882. Some of them relate to mere business matters (such as the building of Little Grange), and some to private affairs; but the following extracts have a high and exceptional value, as illustrating a feature in Fitzgerald's life that is little touched on in the published Letters:— his strong love of the sea and of sailors:—

¹ I append throughout the page of the published letters that comes nearest in date.

"GELDESTONE HALL, BECCLES, Feb. 5, 1862.

[*'Letters,' p. 284.*]

" . . . I have been twice to old Wright, who has built a Boat of about 14 feet on speculation: and has laid down the keel of a new wherry, on speculation also. But he has as yet no Orders, and thinks his Business is like to be very slack. Indeed the *Rail* now begins to creep over the Marsh, and even to come pretty close to the River, over which it is to cross into Beccles. But you, I think, surmise that this Rail will not hurt Wright so much as he fears it will. Poor old Boy—I found him well and hearty on Sunday; but on Sunday night and Monday he was seized with such Rheumatism (I think Rheumatic Gout) in one leg as has given him no rest or sleep since. It is, he says, 'as if somethin' was a-tearin' the Flesh off his Bones.' I showed him two of the guilty Screws which had almost let my Leaden Keel part from the wooden one: he says he had desired the Smith not to make *too* large heads, and the Smith accordingly made them too small; and some Apprentice had, he supposes, fixed them in without further inspection. There is such honesty and cheerfulness in Wright's Saxon Eyes and Countenance when he faces such a charge as disarms all one's wrath."

" 11 MARINE TERRACE, Lowestoft, July 17, '65.

[*'Letters,' p. 301.*]

" . . . Yes, I sent Newson and Cooper home to the Shipwreck Dinner at Woodbridge, and supposing they would be maudlin on Saturday, gave them Sunday to repent on, and so have lost the only fine Days we have yet had for sailing. To-day is a dead Calm. 'These are my Trials!' as a fine Gentleman said to Wesley, when his Servant put rather too many Coals on the Fire.

" . . . Somehow, I always feel at home here, — partly that the place itself is very suited to me: I have known it these 40 years, particularly connected with my Sister Kerrich, whose Death has left a sort of sad interest shed over it. It was a mere Toss-up in 1860 whether I was to stay at Woodbridge, or come to reside here, when my residing would have been of some use to her then, and her Children now.

" Now then I am expecting my 'Merry Men' from Woodbridge, to get out my Billyboy, and get into what Sailors call *the Doldrums*. . . ."

" 3 SION HILL, RAMSGATE, August 25/65.

[*'Letters,' p. 301.*]

" I got here all right and very quick from our Harbour on Monday Morn^g. And here I shall be till Monday: then shall probably go with my Brother [Peter] to Dover

and Calais: and so hope to be home by the middle or later part of next week. . . . To-day is going on a Regatta before the windows where I write: shall I never have done with these tiresome Regattas? And to-night the Harbour is to be *captured* after an obstinate defence by 36-pounders in a sham fight, so we shall go deaf to Bed. We had really a famous sail from Felixtow Ferry; getting out of it at 7 A.M., and being off Broadstairs (3 miles from here) as the clock on the shore struck twelve. After that we were an hour getting into this very Port, because of a strong Tide against us. . . .”

“ 11 MARINE TERRACE, Lowestoft, *March 28, 1866.*

[‘Letters,’ p. 303.]

“ . . . The change has been of some use, I think, in brightening me. My long solitary habit of Life now begins to tell upon me, and I am got past the very cure which only could counteract it: Company or Society: of which I have lost the Taste too long to endure again. So, as I have made my Bed, I must lie in it—and die in it. . . .”

“ *LOWESTOFT, April 2, '66.* [Ib.]

“ . . . I am going to be here another week: as I think it really has freshened me up a bit. Especially going out in a Boat with my good Fletcher, though I get perished

with the N.E. wind. I believe I never shall do unless in a Lodging, as I have lived these 40 years. It is too late, I doubt, to reform in a House of one's own. . . . Dove,¹ unlike Noah's Dove, brings no report of a green leaf when I ask him about the Grass seed. . . ."

"*LOWESTOFT, April 3, '66.* [Ib.]

" . . . Looking over the Tombstones of the old Church-yard this morning, I observed how very many announced the Lease of Life expired at about the same date which I entered upon last Saturday [fifty-seven]. I know it is time to set one's House in order—when Mr. Dove has done his part."

"*COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT, Friday, June 30, 1866.*

[*'Letters,' p. 305.*]

"We got here very well on Tuesday even^g. Wednesday I sent Newson and Crew over to Portsmouth, where they didn't see the one thing I sent them for, namely, Nelson's Ship, the 'Victory,' but where they bought two Pair of Trousers, which they call 'Dungaree.' Yesterday we went to Poole—a place I had long a very slight Desire to see; and which was not worth the seeing. To-day we came back here: I regretting rather we had not run further along the Coast to Weymouth and Teignmouth,

¹ Mr. Dove was the builder of Little Grange.

where I should have seen my Friend Mansfield the Shipwright. It was a little weakness of mine, in *not* changing orders, but, having talked of going only to Poole, I left it as it was. The weather has been only *too* fine: the sea too calm. Here we are in front of this pretty place, with many Yachts at anchor and sailing about us: nearly all Schooners, little and great, of all which I think we are the 'Pitman' (see Moor's 'Words'). I must say I am very tired of seeing only Schooners. Newson was beaten horribly yesterday by a Ryde open Boat of about 7 or 8 tons, which stood right into the wind, but he soon afterwards completely distanced a Billy-boy, which put us in Spirits again. I am very contented (in my way) pottering about here alone, or with my Crew of two, and I believe c^d bundle on for a Month in such a way. But I shall soon be home. I have thought of you To-day when your Sale is going on, at the same time as my *Sail*. Pretty Wit! . . ."

The next letter refers to an accident that befell the Scandal. She was lying at Lowestoft, in the Fishmarket basin, when a huge Continental steamer came drifting down on her. "Mr. FitzGerald," so Mr. Spalding tells me, "just said in his slow melodious voice,¹ 'My poor

¹ His voice was unforgettable. Mr. Mowbray Donne quotes in a letter this passage from FitzGerald's published Letters: "What

little ship will be cracked like a nutshell ;' and he took my arm to force me ashore. But I refused to go unless he went too, and just then the cable held on the weather-side of the steamer towering up above us ; still, our 'channel-boards,' over which the shrouds are tautened, were crushed up flat to the yacht's side, and perhaps some stanchions were injured too."

"SCANDAL, Sept. 19, '66. [Ib.]

" . . . Mr. Manby is wrong about our getting no compensation for the Damage (so far as it c^d be *seen*) inflicted on us by the steamer. Whether we could *claim* it or not, the Steamer Captain granted it : being (as Newson says) quite a Gentleman, &c. So we have had the Carpenters for two Days, who have restored the broken Stanchions, &c. What mischief the Shock may have done to the Body of the Ship remains to be proved : 'Anyhow, it can't have done her any good,' says Job's Comforter, Captⁿ. Newson. The Steamer's Captain admitted that he had expected us to be cracked like a Walnut.

bothered me in London was—all the Clever People going wrong with such clever Reasons for so doing which I couldn't confute." And he adds : "How good that is. I can hear him saying 'which I couldn't confute' with a break on his tone of voice at the end of 'couldn't.' You remember how he used to speak —like a cricket-ball, with a break on it, or like his own favourite image of the wave falling over. A Suffolk wave —that was a point."

"Now, I want you to tell me of this. You know of Newson's lending *Posh*¹ money. I have advised that, beside an I.O.U. from Posh, he should give security upon some of his Effects: Boats, Nets, or other Gear. Tell me how this should be done, if you can: the Form of Writing required: and perhaps what Interest Newson should have on his Money.

"Last night at the 'Suffolk' I was where Newson, Posh, & Co. were at their Ale: a little of which got into Newson's head: who began to touch up Posh about such an Apparatus of Rockets, Mortars, etc., for the Rescue of those two stranded Vessels, when he declares that he and one or two Felixstowe Men would have pushed off a Boat through the pauses of the Surf, and done all that was wanted. *He* had seen, and been on, the Shipwash scores of times when the jump of the Ship pitched him on his Back, and sent the Topmast flying. So had Posh on the Home-sand here, he said; his Sand was just as bad as Tom's, he knew; and the Lowestoft Men just as good as the Felixstowe, &c. I fomented the Quarrel gently:—no *Quarrel*, or I should not: all Newson meant (which I believe is very true) there are *so many* men here,

¹ *Posh* was the nickname of a favourite sailor, the lugger's skipper, as *Bassey* was Newson's. *Posser*, mentioned presently, was, Mr. Spalding thinks, Posh's brother, at any rate a fisherman and boatman, with whom Mr. Fitzgerald used to sail in Posh's absence.

and no *one Man to command*, that they are worse off with all their Men and Boats than at the Ferry [Bawdsey], where Newson or Percival are Spokesmen and Masters. This I have explained to Posh To-day, as he was sitting, like Abraham, in his Tent—like an Apostle, mending his nets. ‘Posh, your Frill was out last night?’ ‘No—no—only I didn’t like to hear the Lowestoft Chaps weren’t as good, etc., especially before the Stranger Men from Harwich, etc.’ ”

“LOWESTOFT, October 7, '66. [Ib.]

“ . . . ‘Posh’ went off in his new, old Lugger,¹ which I call ‘The Porpoise,’ on Thursday: came in yesterday with a Last and a half of Herrings: and is just put to Sea again, Sunday though it be. It is reported to be an extraordinary Herring Year, *along shore*: and now he goes into deeper Water. I am amused to see Newson’s *devotion* to his younger Friend: he won’t leave him a moment if possible, was the first to see him come in yesterday, and has just watched him out of sight. He declined having any Bill of Sale on Posh’s Goods for Money lent; old as he is (enough to distrust all Mankind)—has perfect reliance on his Honour, Industry, Skill, and Luck. This is a pretty Sight to me. I tell

¹ A second-hand boat that Posh bought at Southwold before the building of the “Meum and Tuum.”

Newson he has at last found his Master, and become possessed of that troublesome thing: an anxious Regard for some one.

"I was noticing for several Days how many *Robins* were singing along the 'London Road' here; and (without my speaking of it) Lusia Kerrich told me they had almost a *Plague* of Robins at *Gelson* [Geldestone]: 3 or 4 coming into the Breakfast room every morning; getting under Kerrich's Legs, &c. And yesterday Posh told me that *three* came to his *Lugger* out at Sea; also another very pretty Bird, whose name he didn't know, but which he caught and caged in the *Binnacle*, where it was found dead in due time. . . .

"P.S.—Posh (as Cooper, whom I question, tells me) was *over 12 miles from Land* when the *four* Robins came aboard: a Bird which he nor Cooper had ever seen to visit a Ship before. The Bird he shut up in the Binnacle he describes as of 'all sorts of Colours'—perhaps a *Tomtit*! — and I fear it was *roasted* in the Binnacle, when Posh lighted up at night, forgetting his Guest. 'Poor little fellow!'"

"**LOWESTOFT, Dec. 4, 1866.** [Ib.]

"I am sorry you can't come, but have no doubt that you are right in *not* coming. You may imagine what I do with myself here: somehow, I do believe the Seaside is

more of my Element than elsewhere, and the old Lodging Life suits me best. That, however, I have at Woodbridge; and can be better treated nowhere than there.

“I have just seen Posh, who had been shooting his Lines in the Morning: had fallen asleep after his Sunday Dinner, and rose up like a Giant refreshed when I went into his house. His little Wife, however, told him he must go and tidy his Hair, which he was preparing to obey. Oh! these are the People who somehow interest me; and if I were not now too far advanced on the Road to Forgetfulness, I should be sad that my own Life had been such a wretched Concern in comparison. But it is too late, even to lament, now. . . .

“There is a Wedding-party next door: at No. 11; I being in 12; *Becky* having charge of both houses. There is incessant vulgar Giggling and Tittering, and 5 meals a Day, *Becky* says. Oh! these are not such Gentlefolks as my Friends on the Beach, who have not 5 meals a Day. I wonder how soon I shall quarrel with them, however—I don’t mean the Wedding Party. . . . At Eight or half-past I go to have a Pipe at Posh’s, if he isn’t half-drunk with his Friends.”

“LOWESTOFT, Jan. 5/67.

[‘Letters,’ p. 306.]

“I really was to have gone home To-day, but made a little Business with Posh an excuse for waiting over





FARLINGAY HALL

and so I have now left the stage of life, and am no longer a factor in the world, but I have been a factor in the lives of many, and I have left behind me some good, and some bad, and some indifferent, but all of them.

and the vessel with permission to do so, and
the vessel may be freely chosen, and the
vessel may be used to transport the
vessel, I get a boat to go to the
vessel to drop the vessel, and then
I take the vessel.

Pushes his case hard this week with the
Finance Committee, dependent government
having a large deficit in part with
and a good deal of it from the old
and the new. The only way to get
up cash at his disposal is to
call in present debts. This
would be a wise course. I have
done with money to do with it
I suppose it's not the best time

the first place, and the welfare of all in
the country. The welfare of all in
the country is the welfare of all in
the world, and all in the world is
the welfare of all in the country."



FARLINGAY HALL

Sunday. This very Day he signs an Agreement for a new Herring-lugger, of which he is to be Captain, and to which he will contribute some Nets and Gear. I daresay I had better have left all this alone: but, if moderately lucky, the Vessel will pay *something*, at any rate: and in the meanwhile it really does me some good, I believe, to set up this little Interest here: and even if I lose money, I get some Fun for it. So now I shall be very glad to drop *Esquire*, and be addressed as '*Herring-merchant*,' for the future.

"Posh has been doing well this week with Cod-fishing, as only one other Boat has been out (owing to the others not having a *Set-net* to catch bait with). His fish have fetched a good price, even from the old Jew, Levi.¹ I believe I have smoked my Pipe every evening but one with Posh at his house, which his quiet little Wife keeps tidy and pleasant. The Man is, I do think, of a Royal Nature. I have told him he is liable to one Danger (the Hare with many Friends)—so many wanting him to *drink*. He says, it's quite true, and that he is often obliged to run away: as I believe he does: for his House shows all

¹ This Levi it was, the proprietor of a fish-shop at Lowestoft, that used always to ask FitzGerald of the welfare of his brother John: "And how is the General, bless him?"

"How many times, Mr. Levi, must I tell you my brother is no General, and never was in the army?"

"Ah, well, it is my mistake, no doubt. But anyhow, bless him."

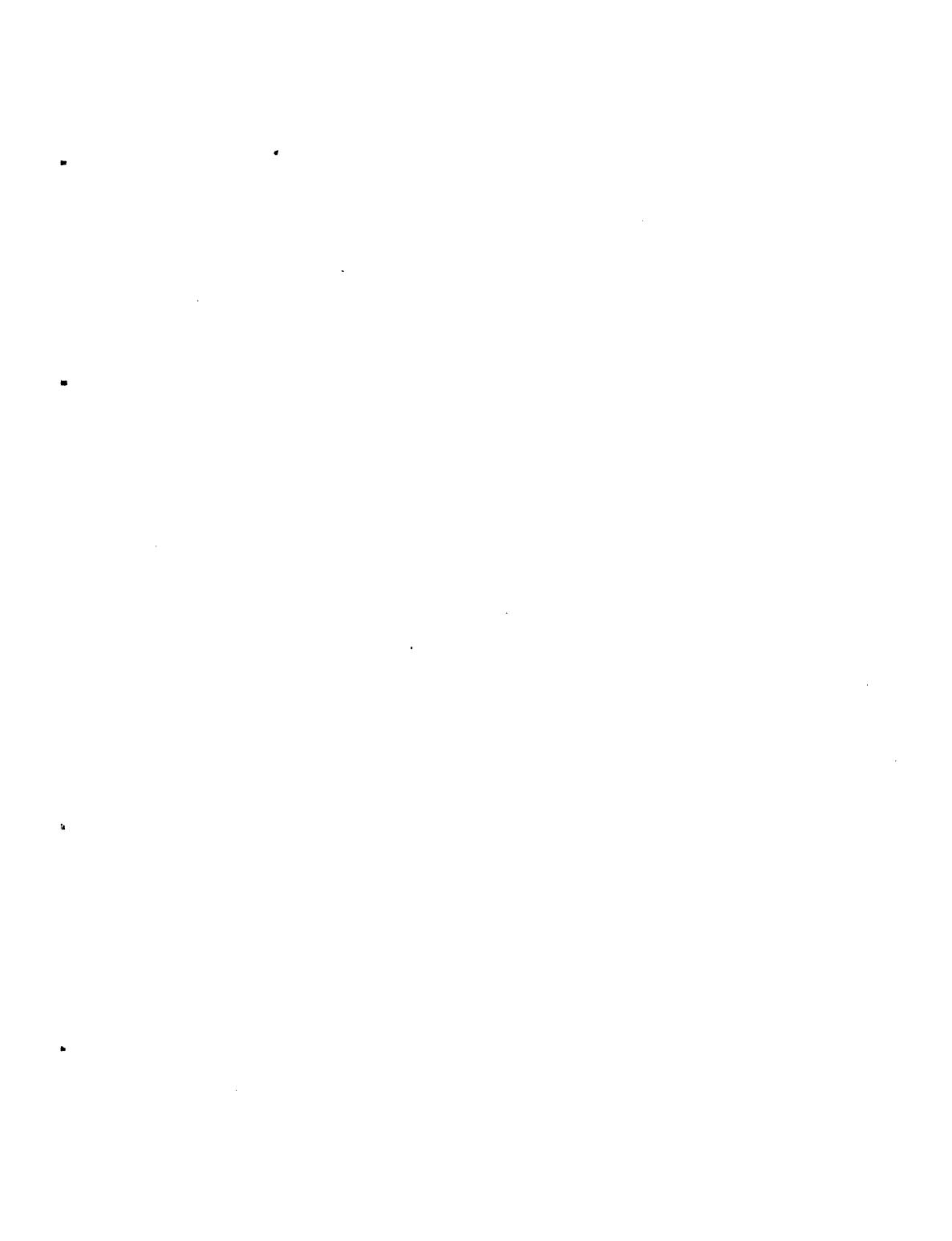
Temperance and Order. This little Lecture I give him—to go the way, I suppose, of all such Advice. . . .”

“12 MARINE TERRACE, Lowestoft, Feb. 8, '67.

[‘Letters,’ p. 308.]

“Posh shall be at the Train for his Hare. When I went to look for him last Night, he was in his *Shod*, by the light of a candle examining a *Petman* Pig [Suffolk for ‘the smallest pig in a litter’], about the size of Newson’s Watch, and swell’d out ‘as *taut* as a Drum,’ Posh said. A Friend had given him this Production of Nature: it hadn’t grown a bit (except swelling up) for 3 weeks, in spite of Posh’s Medicines last Sunday: so as he is ‘a’most minded to make away with it, poor little thing.’ He almost let it drop when I suddenly appeared, in a theatrical Style, at the Door.

“You seem to think there is no hurry about a Gardener [at Little Grange] just yet. Mr. Berry still thinks that Miss ——’s man would do well: as it is, he goes *out* for work, as Miss —— has not full Employment for him. He and his Wife are very respectable too, I hear. So in spite of my Fear of Unprotected Females, &c., he might do. Perhaps you might see him one day as you pass the Unprotected one’s Grounds, and hear. I have hardly work enough for one Whole Man, as is the case with my Neighbour, who yet is a Female. . . .”





THE PORT OF WOODBRIDGE

“‘BECKY’s,’ *Saturday, May 18, '67.* [Ib.]

“ . . . Posh is very busy with his Lugger [the ‘Meum and Tuum’], which will be decked by the middle of next Week. I have just left him: having caught him with a Pot of white paint (some of which was on his Face), and having made him dine on cold Beef in the Suffolk Hotel Bowling-green, washing all down with two Tankards of Bullard’s Ale. He was not displeased to dine abroad; as this is Saturday, when he says there are apt to be ‘Squalls’ at home, because of washing, &c. His little Boy is on the mending hand: safe, indeed, I hope, and believe, unless they let him into Draughts of Air: which I have warned them against.

“Yesterday we went to Yarmouth, and bought a Boat for the Lugger, and paraded the Town, and dined at the Star Tavern (*Beefsteak for one*), and looked into the Great Church: where when Posh pulled off his Cap, and stood erect but not irreverent, I thought he looked as good an Image of the Mould that Man was originally cast in, as you may chance to see in the Temple of *The Maker* in these Days.

“The Artillery were blazing away on the Denes; and the little Band-master, who played with his Troop here last summer, joined us as we were walking, and told Posh not to lag behind, for he was not at all ashamed to be seen walking with him. The little well-meaning Ass! . . .”

“*LOWESTOFT, Longest Day, '67.*
[‘Letters,’ p. 309.]

“ . . . As to talking over Posh, etc., with me, there is plenty of time for that ; indeed, as yet we *cannot* come to a final estimate of the Property, since all is not yet bought : sails, cables, warps, Ballast, &c. As to his services hitherto, I yesterday gave him £20, telling him that *I* couldn’t compute how much he had done for me : nor could he, he said, and would be contented with anything.

“ No cloven Hoof as yet ! It was his Birthday (yesterday), and we all had a walk to the new Lugger, and then to Mutford, where we had a fresh-water Sail on the Broad : Ale at the Inn, and Punch in the ‘Suffolk’ Bowling-green at night. Oh ! ‘tis a pleasant Time. But it passes, passes. I have not been out to Sea once since we’ve been here ; only loitering about on shore. . . .”

“*LOWESTOFT, April 14/68.*
[‘Letters,’ p. 316.]

“ . . . Meanwhile the Crews loiter about the Town : A. Percival, Frost, and *Jack* in his Kingfisher Guernsey : to whom Posh does the honours of the place. *He* is still busy with his Gear : his hands of a fine Mahogany, from Stockholm tar, but I see he has some return of *hoseness*. I believe that he and I shall now sign the Mortgage Papers that make him owner of *Half* Meum and Tuum.

you can't go: else think of it; and
there are you E. F. Fyfe.
Market here: Woodbridge.

Wednesday.

Gardner Frost was up here
today, Captain, and tells me
that he thinks Newson will
hardly get leave to go with me.

This I shall be very sorry for;
but I would not allow him to
turn up his pilotage on that
account for any consideration.

When you were last at Woodbridge,
I was almost on the point of
asking you if you would go with
me in case Newson could not.
But I did not ask you; thinking
in the first place that it was better

too early to ask you at all on
the subject; and, secondly, that, if
I had to ask you, it might be
better to do so by letter. For, by
so doing, you can consider the
matter, if you think it worth
considering: or you can decline
at once, without any hesitation,
if you do not. Indeed no sort
of hesitation need there be in
the matter: it is a very small
concern of you to take charge
of: you have only yourself to
consider; and, ~~even~~ if my
thoughts on the matter were of
any consequence to you, I

can say that, though I should
be very glad if you could come,
I shall perfectly understand that
you have perfectly good grounds
for refusing, without any wish
to displease me.

If therefore you are decided
beforehand not to come, I wish
you would be so kind as to
send me one line to say so.

One line, I say, will do; for I
shall understand it all in good
will, without need of excuses.

But, if you think my proposal
may be worth while considering,
to consider of it; till we hear
whether Newson can come or
not, you need be in no

hurry to decide. Only, I repeat.
if you are now decided not to come,
let me know please; as I would
then cast about elsewhere. I have
spoken to no one but yourself
about going, nor shall do so till it
is decided. G. Frost spoke something
to me of his going: but I told him I
had others in mind. If you do not
come, I shall 'unapportion' Pooh.

When I propose this to you, I am
of course supposing that you are
to have done with Mr. Reed's yacht.
Else, I should not mention it; and I
should be glad to hear you were fitting
her out. You know, I dare say, the
"quin News... for a week, and
keep on 5 months: though the last
month is almost all at Falmouth.
Once more, write me a line if

I only get out of him that he can't say he sees anything much amiss in the Deed. He is delightful with his Babe, whose name is Clara — 'Hallo, Clara!' etc. . . ."

"*LOWESTOFT, Tuesday, June 16, 1868.* [Ib.]

" . . . Thank you for the Books, which were all right: except in so far that they were anointed by the oozings of some Rhubarb Jam which Mrs. Berry very kindly introduced among them. I am at my Don Quixote again; and really only sorry that I can read it so much more easily this year than last that I shall be all the sooner done with it. Mackerel still come in very slow, sometimes none at all: the dead-calm nights play the deuce with the Fishing, and I see no prospect of change in the weather till the Mackerel shall be changing their Quarters. I am vexed to see the Lugger come in Day after day so poorly stored after all the Labour and Time and Anxiety given to the work by her Crew; but I can do no more, and at anyrate take my own share of the Loss very lightly. I can afford it better than they can. I have told Newson to set sail and run home any Day, Hour, or Minute, when he wishes to see his Wife and Family. But at present he seems contented to eat Fish here: whether some of the few '*Stulls*'¹ which Posh brings in, or what his now innumerable friends the Trawlers are always

¹ An extra large mackerel. — See Words and Phrases.

offering. In fact, I think Newson looks to Lowestoft as a Summer Pasture, and is in no hurry to leave it. He lives here well for nothing, except Bread, Cheese, and Tea and Sugar. He has now taken to Cocoa, however, which he calls 'Cuckoo' to my hearing; having become enamoured of that Beverage in the Lugger, where it is the order of the day. . . ."

"LOWESTOFT, *Monday, July 13, '68.* [Ib.]

" . . . Posh made up and paid off on Saturday. I have not yet asked him, but I suppose he has just paid his way: I mean, so far as Grub goes. The Brother of one of his Crew was killed the night we got here, in a Lugger next to Posh's, by a Barque running into her, and knocking him—or, I doubt, *crushing* him—overboard.

" . . . When *are* we to have rain? Last night it lightened to the South, as we sat in the Suffolk Gardens—I, and Posh, and Mrs. Posh, and Sparks; Newson and Jack being with some other friends in another Department. Posh and I had been sauntering in the Churchyard, and reading the Epitaphs: looking at his own little boy's Grave—'Poor little Fellow! He wouldn't let his Mother go near him—I can't think why—but kept his little Fingers twisted in my Hair, and wouldn't let me go; and when Death strook him, as I may say, halloo'd out 'Daddy!'"

"LOWESTOFT, *Sunday, Aug. 30, '69.*

[*'Letters,' p. 318.*]

" . . . You will see by the enclosed that Posh has had a little better luck than hitherto. One reason for my not going to Woodbridge is, that I think it possible this N.E. wind may blow him hither to tan his nets. Only please God it don't tan him and his people first. . . .

"Lord and Lady Hatherley were here last week—no, *this* week: and I met them on the pier one day, as unaffected as ever. He is obliged, I believe, to carry the Great Seal about with him; I told him I wondered how he could submit to be so bored; on which my lady put in about "Sense of Duty," etcetera-rorum. But I (having no Great Seal to carry) went off to Southwold on Wednesday, and lay off there in the calm nights till yesterday: going to Dunwich, which seemed to me rather delightful.

"Newson brought in another Moth some days ago; brownish, with a red rump. I dare say very common, but I have taken enormous pains to murder it: buying a lump of some poison at Southwold which the Chemist warned me to throw overboard directly the Moth was done for: for fear of Jack and Newson being found dead in their rugs. The Moth is now pinned down in a lucifer match box, awaiting your inspection. You know I shall be glad to see you at any time. . . ."

“LOWESTOFT, Sept. 4, '69. [Ib.]

“I wish you *were* coming here this Evening, as I have several things to talk over.

“I would not meddle with the Regatta — to Newson's sorrow, who certainly *must* have carried off the second £10 prize. And the Day ended by vexing me more than it did him. Posh drove in here the day before to tan his nets: could not help making one with some old friends in a Boat-race on the Monday, and getting very fuddled with them on the Suffolk Green (where I was) at night. After all the pains I have taken, and all the real anxiety I have had. And worst of all, after the repeated promises he had made! I said, there must now be an end of Confidence between us, so far as *that* was concerned, and I would so far trouble myself about him no more. But when I came to reflect that this was but an outbreak among old friends on an old occasion, after (I do believe) months of sobriety; that there was no concealment about it; and that though obstinate at first as to how little drunk, &c., he was very repentant afterwards — I cannot let this one flaw weigh against the general good of the man. I cannot if I would: what then is the use of trying? But my confidence in *that* respect must be so far shaken, and it vexes me to think that I can never be *sure* of his not being overtaken so. I declare that it makes me feel ashamed very much to play the Judge on one who stands

immeasurably above me in the scale, whose faults are better than so many virtues. Was not this very outbreak that of a great genial Boy among his old Fellows? True, a Promise was broken. Yes: but if the Whole Man be of the Royal Blood of Humanity, and do Justice in the Main, what are *the people* to say? *He* thought, if he thought at all, that he kept his promise in the main. But there is no use talking: unless I part company wholly, I suppose I must take the evil with the good.

“ Well, Winter will soon be here, and no more ‘Suffolk’ Bowling-greens. Once more I want you to help in finding me a lad, or boy, or lout, who will help me to get through the long Winter nights — whether by cards or reading — now that my eyes are not so up to their work as they were. I think they are a *little* better: which I attribute to the wearing of these hideous Goggles, which keep out Sun, Sea, Sand, &c. But I must not, if I could, tax them as I have done over books by lamplight till Midnight. Do pray consider this for me, and look about. I thought of a sharp lad — that son of the Broker — if he could read a little decently he would do. Really one has lived quite long enough.

“ _____ will be very glad to show you his place at any time. His Wife is really a very nice Lady, and his Boy one of the nicest I have seen these 30 years. He himself sees wonderful things: he saw 2 sharks (supposed by

Newson to be Sweet Williams) making love together out of the water at Covehithe; and a shoal of Porpoises tossing up a Halibut into the Air and catching it again. You may imagine Newson's demure face listening to all this, and his comments afterwards. . . ."

"SUFFOLK HOTEL, Lowestoft, Sept. 21, '69. [Ib.]

"Thank you much for your Letter, which I got last night when I went for my usual dose of Grog and Pipe.

"Posh came up with his Lugger last Friday, with a lot of torn nets, and went off again on Sunday. *I thought* he was wrong to come up, and not to transmit his nets by Rail, as is often done at 6d. a net. But I did not say so to him,—it is no unamiable point in him to love *home*: but I think he won't make a fortune by it. However, I may be very wrong in thinking he had better *not* have come. He has made about the average fishing, I believe: about £250. Some boats have £600, I hear; and some few not enough to pay their way.

"He came up with a very bad cold and hoarseness; and so went off, poor fellow: he never will be long well, I do think. I was foolish to forget G. Crabbe's homoeopathic *Aconite*: but I sent off some pills of it to Grimsby last night. . . ."

“*LOWESTOFT, March 2/70.*

[‘Letters,’ p. 324.]

“ . . . Posh has, I believe, gone off to Southwold in hope to bring his Lugger home. I advised him last night to ascertain first by Letter whether she *were* ready for his hands; but you know he will go his own way, and that generally is as good as anybody’s. He now works all day in his Net-loft; and I wonder how he keeps as well as he is, shut up there from fresh Air, and among frowzy Nets. But he is in good Spirits; and that goes some way to keep the Body well, you know. I think he has mistaken in not sending the Meum and Tuum to the West this Spring, not because the Weather seems to promise in all ways so much better than last (for *that* no one could anticipate), but on account of the high Price of Fish of any sort; which has been an evident fact for the last six months. But I have not meddled, nor indeed is it my Business to meddle now. . . .”

“*LOWESTOFT, Wednesday, Sept. 8, '70.*

[‘Letters,’ p. 323.]

“ . . . Indeed, I only write now because I am shut up in my ship by rain, and so write letters.

“ I had a letter from Posh yesterday, telling me he was sorry we had not ‘parted Friends.’ That he had been

“LOWESTOFT, Saturday, Feb. 25, 1871.

[‘Letters,’ p. 331.]

“ . . . The two Hens travelled so comfortably, that, when let out of the basket, they fed, and then fought together. *Your* Hen was pronounced a Beauty by Posh & Co. As for mine, she stood up and crew like a Cock three times right on end, as Posh reports: a command of Voice in a Hen reputed so unlucky¹ that Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Senior, who had known of sad results from such unnatural exhibitions, recommended her being slain and stewed down forthwith. Posh, however, resolves to abide the upshot. . . . Posh and his Father are very busy getting the Meum and Tuum ready for the West; Jemmy, who goes Captain, is just now in France with a *Cargoe* of salt Herrings. I suppose the Lugger will start in a fortnight or so. My Eyes refuse reading here, so I sit looking at the sea (with shut eyes), or gossiping with the women in the Net-loft. All-fours at night. Thank you for the speckled Hen; Posh expressed himself much obliged for his. . . .”

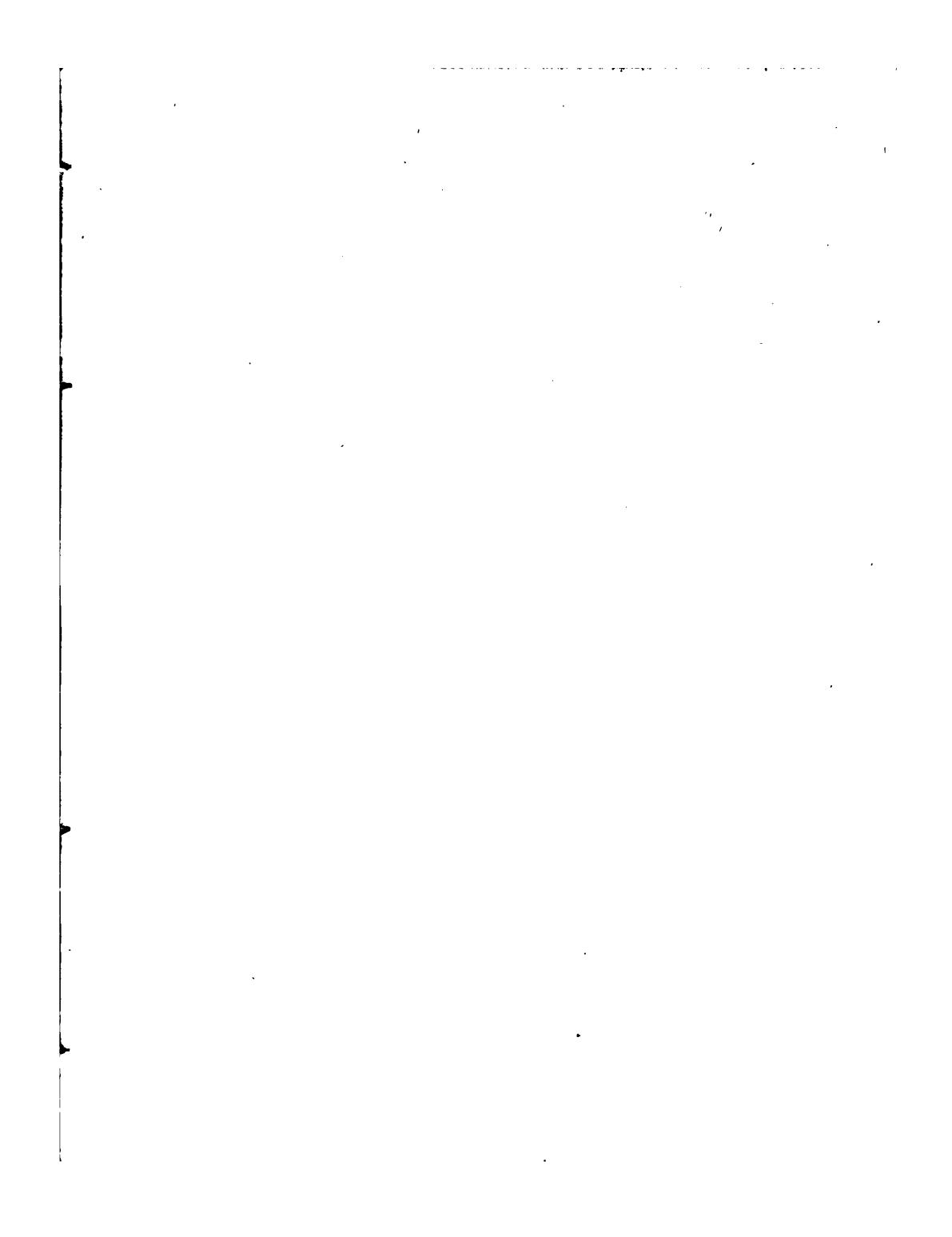
“LOWESTOFT, Sunday, Sept. 29/72.

[‘Letters,’ p. 345.]

“ . . . Posh — after no fish caught for 3 weeks — has

¹ Compare the old folk rhyme —

“A whistling woman and a crowing hen
Are hateful alike to God and men.”





Fitz GERALD'S YACHT "SCANDAL"

had his boat come home with nearly all her fleet of nets torn to pieces in last week's winds. On Wednesday he had to go 8 miles on the other side of Halesworth after a runaway — came home, drenched from top to toe, with a great Bulrush in his hand, which he could not help admiring as he went along: and went with me to the Theatre afterwards, where he admired the 'Gays,' as he called the Scenes; but fell asleep before Shylock had whetted his knife in the Merchant of Venice. . . ."

"*LOWESTOFT, Friday, Jan. 9, 1874.*

[*'Letters,' p. 366.*]

" . . . No doubt Berry thinks that his Month's Notice, which was up last Monday, was enough. Against that I have to say, that, after giving that Notice, he told George Moor that I might stay while I pleased; and he drove me away for a week by having no one but his own blind Aunt to wait on me. What miserable little things! They do not at all irritate, but only *bore* me. I have seen no more of Fletcher since I wrote, though he called once when I was out. I have left word at his house, that, if he wishes to see me before I go, here am I to be found at tea-time. I only hope he has taken no desperate step. I hope so for his Family's sake, including Father and Mother. People here have asked me if he is not going to give up the Business, &c. Yet there is Greatness

about the Man : I believe his want of Conscience in some particulars is to be referred to his *Salwaging* Ethics ; and your Cromwells, Cæsars, and Napoleons have not been more scrupulous. But I shall part Company with him if I can do so without Injury to his Family. If not, I must let him go on *under some 'Surveillance'* : he *must* wish to get rid of me also, and (I believe, though he says *not*) of the Boat, if he could better himself."

" LOWESTOFT, *Sunday, Feb. 28, 1875.*

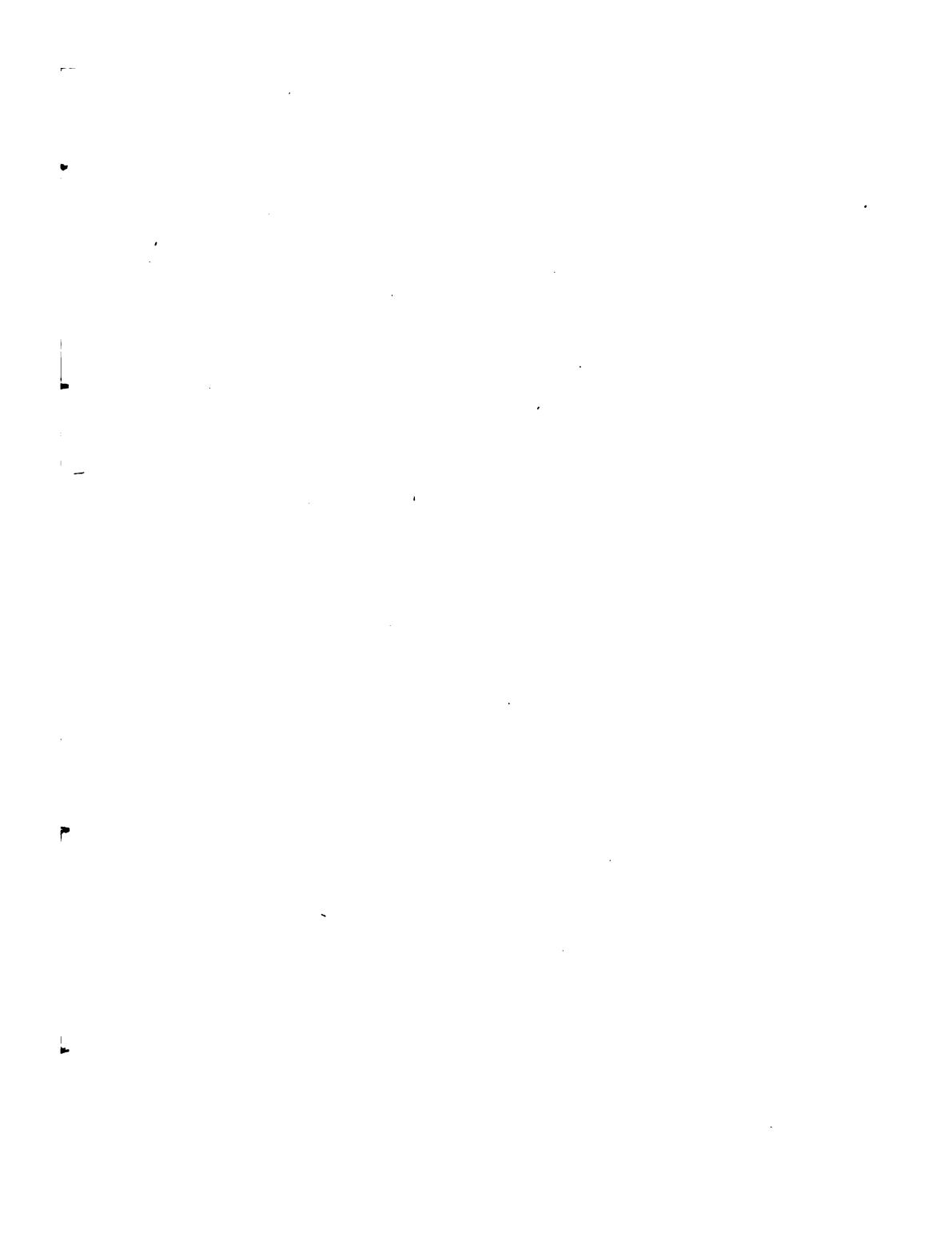
[*'Letters,' p. 370.]*

" . . . I believe I wrote you that Fletcher's Babe, 10 months old, died of Croup — to be buried to-morrow. I spoke of this in a letter to Anna Biddell, who has written me such a brave, pious word in return that I keep to show you. She thinks I should speak to Fletcher, and hold out a hand to him, and bid him take this opportunity to regain his *Self-respect* ; but I cannot suppose that I could make any lasting impression upon him. She does not know *all*."

" WOODBRIDGE, *Dec. 23/76.*

[*'Letters,' p. 396.]*

" . . . I do not think there is anything to be told of Woodbridge News : anyhow, *I* know of none : sometimes not going into the Street for Days together. I have a new Reader — Son of Fox the Binder — who is intelligent,





M A R K E T H I L L, W O O D B R I D G E

enjoys something of what he reads, can laugh heartily, and does not mind being told not to read through his Nose: which I think is a common way in Woodbridge, perhaps in Suffolk."

" WOODBRIDGE, *March 31/79.*

[*'Letters,' p. 435.*]

" . . . A month ago Ellen Churchyard told me — what she was much scolded for telling — that for some three weeks previous Mrs. Howe had been suffering so from Rheumatism that she had been kept awake in pain, and could scarce move about by day, though she did the house work as usual, and would not tell me. I sent for Mr. Jones at once, and got Mrs. Cooper in, and now Mrs. H. is better, she *says*. But as I tell her, she only gives a great deal more of the trouble she wishes to save one by such obstinacy. We are now reading the fine 'Legend of Montrose' till 9; then, after ten minutes' refreshment, the curtain rises on Dickens's *Copperfield*, by way of Farce after the Play; both admirable. I have been busy in a small way preparing a little vol. of 'Readings in Crabbe's Tales of the Hall' for some few who will not encounter the original Book. I do not yet know if it will be published, but I shall have done a little work I long wished to do, and I can give it away to some who will

like it. I will send you a copy if you please when it is completed."

" 11 MARINE TERRACE, Lowestoft, *Wednesday*.

" DEAR SPALDING, — Please to spend a Sovereign for your Children or among them, as you and they see good. I have lost the Faculty of choosing Presents, you still enjoy it: so do this little Office for me. All good and kind wishes to Wife and Family: a happy Xmas is still no idle word to you."

" WOODBRIDGE, *Jan. 12, '82.*

[*'Letters,' p. 477.*]

" . . . The Aconite, which Mr. Churchyard used to call 'New Year's Gift,' has been out in my Garden for this fortnight past. Thrushes (and, I think, Blackbirds) try to sing a little: and half yesterday I was sitting, with no more apparel than in my rooms, on my Quarter-deck" [*i.e.*, the walk in the garden of Little Grange].

" *April 1, 1882.*

[*'Letters,' p. 481.*]

" Thank you for your Birthday Greeting — a Ceremony which, I nevertheless think, is almost better forgotten at my time of life. But it is an old, and healthy, custom. I do not quite shake off my Cold, and shall, I suppose, be





LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE

more liable to it hereafter. But what wonderful weather! I see the little trees opposite my window perceptibly greener every morning. Mr. Wood persists in delaying to send the seeds of Annuals; but I am going to send for them to-day. My Hyacinths have been gay, though not so fine as last year's: and I have some respectable single red Anemones — always favourites of mine.

“Aldis Wright has been spending his Easter here; and goes on to Beccles, where he is to examine and report on the Books and MSS. of the late George Borrow at Oulton.”

The handwriting is shaky in this letter, and it is the last of the series. It should have closed this article, but that I want still to quote one more letter to my father, and a poem: —

“ WOODBRIDGE, March 16, 1878.

[‘Letters,’ pp. 410, 418.]

“ MY DEAR GROOME, — I have not had any *Academies* that seemed to call for sending severally: here are some, however (as also *Athenaeums*), which shall go in a parcel to you, if you care to see them. Also, Munro’s *Catullus*, which has much interested me, bad Scholar as I am: though not touching on some of his best Poems. However, I never cared so much for him as has been the

fashion to do for the last half century, I think. I had a letter from Donne two days ago: it did not speak of himself as other than well; but I thought it indicated feebleness.

“Eh ! voilà que j’ai déjà dit tout ce que vient au bout de ma plume. Je ne bouge pas d’ici; cependant, l’année va son train. Toujours à vous et à les vôtres, E. F. G.

“By the by, I enclose a Paper of some *stepping-stones* in ‘Dear Charles Lamb’ — drawn up for my own use in reading his Letters, and printed, you see, for my Friends — one of my best Works; though not exact about Book Dates, which indeed one does not care for.

“The Paper is meant to paste in as Flyleaf before any volume of the Letters, as now printed. But it is not a ‘Venerable’ Book, I doubt. Daddy Wordsworth said, indeed, ‘Charles Lamb is a good man if ever good man was’ — as I had wished to quote at the End of my Paper, but could not find the printed passage.”

The poem turned up in a MS. book of my father’s, while this article was writing. It is a version of the “Lucius *Æ*Emilius Paullus,” already published by Mr. Aldis Wright, in Vol. ii, p. 483 of the ‘Remains,’ but the two differ so widely that lovers of FitzGerald will be glad to have it. Here, then, it is : —

A PARAPHRASE BY EDWARD FITZGERALD
OF THE SPEECH OF PAULLUS AEMILIUS IN LIVY,
lib. xlv. c. 41.

“How prosperously I have served the State,
And how in the Midsummer of Success
A double Thunderbolt from heav’n has struck
On mine own roof, Rome needs not to be told,
Who has so lately witness’d through her Streets,
Together, moving with unequal March,
My Triumph and the Funeral of my Sons.
Yet bear with me if in a few brief words,
And no invidious Spirit, I compare
With the full measure of the general Joy
My private Destitution. When the Fleet
Was all equipp’d, ’twas at the break of day
That I weigh’d anchor from Brundusium;
Before the day went down, with all my Ships
I made Corcyra; thence, upon the fifth,
To Delphi; where to the presiding God
A lustratory Sacrifice I made,
As for myself, so for the Fleet and Army.
Thence in five days I reach’d the Roman camp;
Took the command; re-organis’d the War;
And, for King Perseus would not forth to fight,

And for his camp's strength could not forth be forced,
I slipped between his Outposts by the woods
At Petra, thence I follow'd him, when he
Fight me must needs, I fought and routed him,
Into the all-constraining Arms of Rome
Reduced all Macedonia.

And this grave War that, growing year by year,
Four Consuls each to each made over worse
Than from his predecessor he took up,
In fifteen days victoriously I closed.

With that the Flood of Fortune, setting in
Roll'd wave on wave upon us. Macedon
Once fall'n, her States and Cities all gave in,
The royal Treasure dropt into my Hands ;
And then the King himself, he and his Sons,
As by the finger of the Gods betray'd,
Trapp'd in the Temple they took refuge in.
And now began my over-swelling Fortune
To look suspicious in mine eyes. I fear'd
The dangerous Seas that were to carry back
The fruit of such a Conquest and the Host
Whose arms had reap'd it all. My fear was vain :
The Seas were laid, the Wind was fair, we touch'd
Our own Italian Earth once more. And then
When nothing seem'd to pray for, yet I pray'd ;
That because Fortune, having reach'd her height,

Forthwith begins as fatal a decline,
Her fall might but involve myself alone,
And glance beside my Country. Be it so !
By my sole ruin may the jealous Gods
Absolve the Common-weal — by mine — by me,
Of whose triumphal Pomp the front and rear —
O scorn of human Glory — was begun
And closed with the dead bodies of my Sons.
Yes, I the Conqueror, and conquer'd Perseus,
Before you two notorious Monuments
Stand here of human Instability.
He that was late so absolute a King
Now, captive led before my Chariot, sees
His sons led with him captive — but alive ;
While I, the Conqueror, scarce had turn'd my face
From one lost son's still smoking Funeral,
And from my Triumph to the Capitol
Return — return in time to catch the last
Sigh of the last that I might call my Son,
Last of so many Children that should bear
My name to Aftertime. For blind to Fate,
And over-affluent of Posterity,
The two surviving Scions of my Blood
I had engrafted in an alien Stock,
And now, beside himself, no one survives
Of the old House of Paullus."

Myself, on the whole, I greatly prefer this version to Mr. Aldis Wright's: still, which is the later, which the earlier, it were hard to determine on internal grounds. For, as has befallen many a greater poet, FitzGerald's alterations were by no means always improvements. One sees this in the various editions of his masterpiece, the 'Rubáiyát.' However, by a comparison of the date (1856) on the fly-leaf of my father's notebook with that of a published letter of FitzGerald's to Professor Cowell (May 28, 1868), I am led to conclude that my father's copy is an early draft.



Miserere.



"Lord, have mercy."

1. LORD, who wast content to die,
That poor sinners may draw nigh
cres. To the throne of grace on high,
p *Miserere, Domine.*

2. Who dost hear my every groan,
Intercedest at the throne,
cres. Making my poor prayers Thine own,
p *Miserere, Domine.*

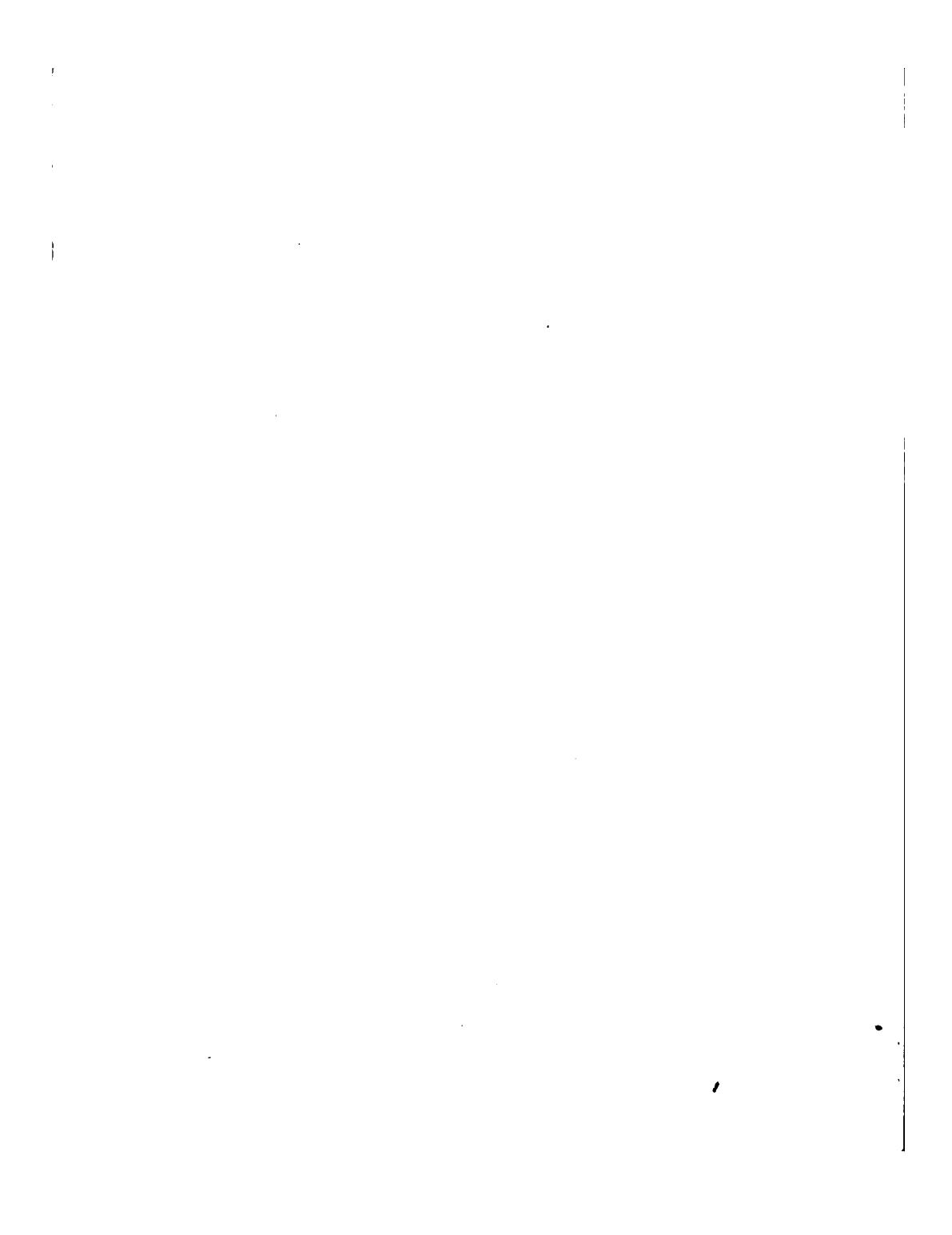
3. When some sorrow, pressing sore,
Tells me, that life nevermore
cres. Can be, as it was of yore,
p *Miserere, Domine.*

4. Let me hear the Voice, that said,
"It is I, be not afraid";
cres. So the sorrow shall be stay'd,
p *Miserere, Domine.*

5. When the hour of death is nigh,
And the watchers, standing by,
cres. Raise the supplicating cry,
p *Miserere, Domine.*

6. Take me to Thy promised rest,
Number me among the blest,
p Poor, and yet a welcomed guest.
f *Alleluia, Domine.*

**MISCELLANIES
IN VERSE AND PROSE**





FITZGERALD'S MINOR POEMS

I

“THE MEADOWS IN SPRING”

“**T** was at Naseby, in the spring of the following year (1831), that he made his earliest attempt in verse, the earliest at any rate which has yet been discovered. Charles Lamb, writing to Moxon in August, tells him, ‘The Athenæum has been hoaxed with some exquisite poetry, that was, two or three months ago, in Hone’s Book. . . . The poem I mean is in Hone’s Book as far back as April. I do not know who wrote it; but ‘tis a poem I envy — *that* and Montgomery’s “Last Man”: I envy the writers, because I feel I could have done something like them.’ It first appeared in Hone’s Year Book for April 30, 1831, with the title ‘The Meadows in Spring’ and the following letter to the Editor. ‘These verses are in the old style; rather homely in expression; but I honestly profess to stick more to the simplicity of the old poets than the moderns, and to love the philosophical good humour of our old writers more than the sickly melancholy of the Byronic wits. If my verses be not good, they are good humoured, and that is something.’ With a few verbal changes they were sent to the Athenæum, and appeared in that paper on July 9, 1831, accompanied by a note

of the Editor's, from which it is evident that he supposed them to have been written by Lamb.

To the Editor of the Athenaeum.

SIR,

These verses are something in the old style, but not the worse for that: not that I mean to call them good: but I am sure they would not have been better, if dressed up in the newest Montgomery fashion, for which I cannot say I have much love. If they are fitted for your paper, you are welcome to them. I send them to you, because I find only in your paper a love of our old literature, which is almost monstrous in the eyes of modern ladies and gentlemen. My verses are certainly not in the present fashion; but, I must own, though there may not be the same merit in the thoughts, I think the style much better: and this with no credit to myself, but to the merry old writers of more manly times.

Your humble servant,
EPSILON.

'Tis a dull sight
To see the year dying,
When winter winds
Set the yellow wood sighing:
Sighing, oh! sighing.

When such a time cometh,
I do retire
Into an old room
Beside a bright fire:
Oh, pile a bright fire!

And there I sit
Reading old things,
Of knights and lorn damsels,
While the wind sings—
Oh, drearily sings !

I never look out
Nor attend to the blast ;
For all to be seen
Is the leaves falling fast :
Falling, falling !

But close at the hearth,
Like a cricket, sit I,
Reading of summer
And chivalry—
Gallant chivalry !

Then with an old friend
I talk of our youth—
How 'twas gladsome, but often
Foolish, forsooth :
But gladsome, gladsome !

Or to get merry
We sing some old rhyme,
That made the wood ring again

In summer time—
Sweet summer time!

Then go we to smoking,
Silent and snug:
Nought passes between us,
Save a brown jug—
Sometimes!

And sometimes a tear
Will rise in each eye,
Seeing the two old friends
So merrily—
So merrily!

And ere to bed
Go we, go we,
Down on the ashes
We kneel on the knee,
Praying together!

Thus, then, live I,
Till, 'mid all the gloom,
By heaven! the bold sun
Is with me in the room,
Shining, shining!

Then the clouds part,
Swallows soaring between ;
The spring is alive,
And the meadows are green !

I jump up, like mad,
Break the old pipe in twain,
And away to the meadows,
The meadows again !

I had very little hesitation, from internal evidence alone, in identifying these verses with those which FitzGerald had written, as he said, when a lad, or little more than a lad, and sent to the Athenæum, but all question has been set at rest by the discovery of a copy in a common-place book belonging to the late Archdeacon Allen, with the heading 'E. F. G.', and the date 'Naseby, Spring, 1831.' This copy differs slightly from those in the Year Book and in the Athenæum, and in place of the tenth stanza it has,

So winter passeth
Like a long sleep
From falling autumn
To primrose-peep."

—*Letters and Literary Remains* (1889), Vol. I, pp. 4-8.

II

OCCASIONAL VERSES :

THROUGH the kindness of the late Mr. Thomas Allen I was enabled to recover the missing stanzas about Clora referred to in the Letters of Edward FitzGerald, i. 19, and with them some other verses by the same pen, hitherto unknown to me. Of these I printed privately twenty-five copies in February 1891.—See *Miscellanies* by Edward FitzGerald, edited by William Aldis Wright, (1900).

TO A LADY SINGING

I

CANST thou, my Clora, declare,
After thy sweet song dieth
Into the wild summer air,
Whither it falleth or fieth ?
Soon would my answer be noted,
Wert thou but sage as sweet throated.

II

Melody, dying away,
Into the dark sky closes,
Like the good soul from her clay
Like the fair odour of roses :

Therefore thou now art behind it,
But thou shalt follow, and find it.

III

Nothing can utterly die;
Music, aloft upspringing,
Turns to pure atoms of sky
Each golden note of thy singing:
And that to which morning did listen
At eve in a Rainbow may glisten.

IV

Beauty, when laid in the grave,
Feedeth the lily beside her,
Therefore the soul cannot have
Station or honour denied her;
She will not better her essence,
But wear a crown in God's presence.

[ON ANNE ALLEN¹]

I

THE wind blew keenly from the Western sea,
And drove the dead leaves slanting from the tree—
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—

¹ See Letters, i. 72. She died in the autumn of 1833, the year after FitzGerald had seen her at Tenby.

Heaping them up before her Father's door
When I saw her whom I shall see no more —
We cannot bribe thee, Death.

II

She went abroad the falling leaves among,
She saw the merry season fade, and sung
 Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith —
Freely she wandered in the leafless wood,
And said that all was fresh, and fair, and good,
 She knew thee not, O Death.

III

She bound her shining hair across her brow,
She went into the garden fading now ;
 Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith —
And if one sighed to think that it was sere,
She smiled to think that it would bloom next year :
 She feared thee not, O Death.

IV

Blooming she came back to the cheerful room
With all the fairer flowers yet in bloom,
 Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith —
A fragrant knot for each of us she tied,
And placed the fairest at her Father's side —
 She cannot charm thee, Death.

V

Her pleasant smile spread sunshine upon all;
We heard her sweet clear laughter in the Hall;—
 Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
We heard her sometimes after evening prayer,
As she went singing softly up the stair—
 No voice can charm thee, Death.

VI

Where is the pleasant smile, the laughter kind,
That made sweet music of the winter wind?
 Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
Idly they gaze upon her empty place,
Her kiss hath faded from her Father's face;—
 She is with thee, O Death.

[TO A VIOLET]

Fair violet! sweet saint!
 Answer us—Whither art thou gone?
Ever thou wert so still, and faint,
 And fearing to be look'd upon.
We cannot say that one hath died,
Who wont to live so unespied,

But crept away unto a stiller spot,
Where men may stir the grass, and find thee not.

¹ "In February, 1891, Mr. Aldis Wright printed privately twenty-five copies of some verses by FitzGerald in a leaflet of four pages, uniform in size with 'The Letters and Literary Remains.' The verses, with a short introductory paragraph, were as follows: 'To a Lady Singing,' 'On Anne Allen,' and 'To a Violet.' The last two pieces had never been printed before, but the last two stanzas of the first piece, which were enclosed in a letter to John Allen, written in December, 1837, were printed in 'Letters and Literary Remains,' i. 16, and afterwards in 'Letters,' i. 19, to which were added in a note the first two stanzas, which Mr. Aldis Wright had been enabled to recover through the kindness of Mr. Thomas Allen. The 'Occasional Verses' were published in 'Miscellanies,' 1900, pp. 203-207."—(*Notes for a Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald. By Colonel W. F. Prideaux.* London, 1901. Pp. 52, 53.)

III

BREDFIELD HALL

Lo, an English mansion founded
In the elder James's reign,
Quaint and stately, and surrounded
With a pastoral domain.

With well-timber'd lawn and gardens
And with many a pleasant mead,
Skirted by the lofty coverts
Where the hare and pheasant feed.

Flank'd it is with goodly stables,
Shelter'd by coeval trees :
So it lifts its honest gables
Toward the distant German seas ;

Where it once discern'd the smoke
Of old sea-battles far away :
Saw victorious Nelson's topmasts
Anchoring in Hollesley Bay.

But whatever storm might riot,
Cannon roar, and trumpet ring, .

Still amid these meadows quiet
Did the yearly violet spring :

Still Heaven's starry hand suspended
That light balance of the dew,
That each night on earth descended,
And each morning rose anew :

And the ancient house stood rearing
Undisturb'd her chimneys high,
And her gilded vanes still veering
Toward each quarter of the sky :

While like wave to wave succeeding
Through the world of joy and strife,
Household after household speeding
Handed on the torch of life :

First, sir Knight in ruff and doublet,
Arm in arm with stately dame ;
Then the Cavaliers indignant
For their monarch brought to shame :

Languid beauties limn'd by Lely ;
Full-wigg'd Justice of Queen Anne :
Tory squires who tippled freely ;
And the modern Gentleman :

Here they lived, and here they greeted,
Maids and matrons, sons and sires,
Wandering in its walks, or seated
Round its hospitable fires :

Oft their silken dresses floated
Gleaming through the pleasure ground :
Oft dash'd by the scarlet-coated
Hunter, horse, and dappled hound.

Till the Bell that not in vain
Had summon'd them to weekly prayer,
Call'd them one by one again
To the church — and left them there !

They with all their loves and passions,
Compliment, and song, and jest,
Politics, and sports, and fashions,
Merged in everlasting rest !

So they pass — while thou, old Mansion,
Markest with unalter'd face
How like the foliage of thy summers
Race of man succeeds to race.

To most thou stand'st a record sad,
But all the sunshine of the year

Could not make thine aspect glad
To one whose youth is buried here.

In thine ancient rooms and gardens
Buried—and his own no more
Than the youth of those old owners,
Dead two centuries before.

Unto him the fields around thee
Darken with the days gone by :
O'er the solemn woods that bound thee
Ancient sunsets seem to die.

Sighs the selfsame breeze of morning
Through the cypress as of old ;
Ever at the Spring's returning
One same crocus breaks the mould.

Still though 'scaping Time's more savage
Handywork this pile appears,
It has not escaped the ravage
Of the undermining years.

And though each succeeding master,
Grumbling at the cost to pay,
Did with coat of paint and plaster
Hide the wrinkles of decay ;

Yet the secret worm ne'er ceases,
Nor the mouse behind the wall;
Heart of oak will come to pieces,
And farewell to Bredfield Hall!

"These verses on his old home were written originally by Fitzgerald as early as 1839, and communicated to Bernard Barton. They were circulated in slightly differing forms among his friends, and probably never received the final touches of his hand, but they contain what, Professor Cowell informs me, were in his own judgment the best lines he had ever written, as shewing real imagination, and it seems better to print them though imperfect. In reply to an old friend, who had heard some of the lines quoted and supposed them to be from Tennyson, he wrote: 'I was astonisht to find I had three sheets to fold up; and now one half "cheer" more, only to prevent you wasting any more trouble in looking through Tennyson for those verses — I myself having been puzzled at first to what you alluded by that single line. No: *I* wrote them along with many others about my old home more than forty years ago, and they recur to me also as I wander about the Garden or the Lawn. Therefore I suppose there is some native force about them, though your referring them to A. T. proves that I was echoing him.' — *Letters and Literary Remains* (1889), Vol. III., pp. 458-461.

IV

CHRONOMOROS¹

IN all the actions that a Man performs, some part of his life passeth. We die with doing that, for which only our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idlenessse, as in employmet. Whether we play or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, THE SUNNE POST-ETH, AND THE SAND RUNNES.

OWEN FELLTHAM.

WEARIED with hearing folks cry,
That Time would incessantly fly,
Said I to myself, "I don't see
Why Time should not wait upon me ;

¹ "FULCHER'S POETICAL MISCELLANY. Published by G. W. Fulcher, Sudbury, and Suttaby & Co., London [1841].—'Chronomoros,' signed 'Anon.', p. 236.

"This little book, of which a copy of the second edition, issued in May, 1841, will be found in the British Museum, is made up, with a few exceptions, according to the preface, of selections from the seventeen volumes of Fulcher's 'Sudbury Pocket Book,' of which no example appears to exist in the national collection. I am therefore unable to say whether the poem of 'Chronomoros,' which has been reprinted by Mr. Aldis Wright in the 'Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald,' iii. 461, appeared originally in the 'Pocket Book' or the 'Miscellany.' "

W. F. PRIDEAUX.

I will not be carried away,
Whether I like it, or nay : "—
But ere I go on with my strain,
Pray turn me that hour-glass again !

I said, " I will read, and will write,
And labour all day, and all night,
And Time will so heavily load,
That he cannot but wait on the road ; "—
But I found, that, balloon-like in size,
The more fill'd, the faster he flies ;
And I could not the trial maintain,
Without turning the hour-glass again !

Then said I, " If Time has so flown
When laden, I'll leave him alone ;
And I think that he cannot but stay,
When he's nothing to carry away ! "
So I sat, folding my hands,
Watching the mystical sands,
As they fell, grain after grain,
Till I turn'd up the hour-glass again !

Then I cried, in a rage, " Time *shall* stand ! "
The hour-glass I smash'd with my hand,
My watch into atoms I broke
And the sun-dial hid with a cloak !

“Now,” I shouted aloud, “Time is done!”
When suddenly, down went the Sun;
And I found to my cost and my pain,
I might buy a new hour-glass again!

Whether we wake, or we sleep,
Whether we carol, or weep,
The Sun, with his Planets in chime,
Marketh the going of Time;
But Time, in a still better trim,
Marketh the going of him:
One link in an infinite chain,
Is this turning the hour-glass again!

The robes of the Day and the Night,
Are not wove of mere darkness and light;
We read that, at Joshua’s will,
The Sun for a Time once stood still!
So that Time by his measure to try,
Is *Petitio Principii*!
Time’s Scythe is going amain,
Though he turn not his hour-glass again!

And yet, after all, what is Time?
Renowned in Reason, and Rhyme,
A Phantom, a Name, a Notion,
That measures Duration or Motion?

Or but an apt term in the lease
Of Beings, who know they must cease?
The hand utters more than the brain,
When turning the hour-glass again!

The King in a carriage may ride,
And the Beggar may crawl at his side;
But, in the general race,
They are travelling all the same pace,
And houses, and trees, and high-way,
Are in the same gallop as they:
We mark our steps in the train,
When turning the hour-glass again!

People complain, with a sigh,
How terribly Chroniclers lie;
But there is one pretty right,
Heard in the dead of the night,
Calling aloud to the people,
Out of St Dunstan's Steeple,
Telling them under the vane,
To turn their hour-glasses again!

MORAL

Masters! we live here for ever,
Like so many fish in a river;

We may mope, tumble, or glide,
And eat one another beside ;
But, whithersoever we go,
The River will flow, flow, flow !
And now, that I've ended my strain,
Pray turn me that hour-glass again !

V

VIRGIL'S GARDEN¹*Laid out à la Delille*

"**T**HERE is more pleasantness in the little platform of a Garden which he gives us about the middle of this Book" ('Georgick' IV 115-148) "than in all the spacious Walks and Waterfalls of Monsieur. Rapin." — Dryden; two of whose lines are here marked by inverted commas.

BUT that, my destined voyage almost done,
I think to slacken sail and shoreward run,
I would enlarge on that peculiar care
Which makes the Garden bloom, the Orchard bear,
Pampers the Melon into girth, and blows
Twice to one summer the Calabrian Rose:
Nor many a shrub with flower and berries hung,
Nor Myrtle of the seashore² leave unsung.

¹ In a letter to Professor C. E. Norton, dated 9 June, 1882, FitzGerald wrote: "I will enclose some pretty Verses, some twenty years old, which I sent to *Temple Bar*, which repaid me (as I deserved) with a dozen copies" ("Letters," ii, p. 330). They were printed in this magazine for April, 1882. See *Letters and Literary Remains*, iii, p. 464-466.

² Mitford says that it abounds on the coast of Calabria.

“ For where the Tower of old Tarentum stands,
And dark Galesus soaks the yellow sands,”
I mind me of an old Corycian swain,
Who from a plot of disregarded plain,
That neither Corn, nor Vine, nor Olive grew,
Yet such a store of garden-produce drew
That made him rich in heart as Kings with all
Their wealth, when he returned at even-fall,
And from the conquest of the barren ground
His table with unpurchased plenty crown'd.
For him the Rose first open'd; his, somehow,
The first ripe Apple redd'n'd on the bough;
Nay, even when melancholy Winter still
Congeal'd the glebe, and check'd the wandering rill,
The sturdy veteran might abroad be seen,
With some first slip of unexpected green,
Upbraiding Nature with her tardy Spring,
And those south winds so late upon the wing.
He sow'd the seed; and, under Sun and Shower,
Up came the Leaf, and after it the Flower,
From which no busier bees than his derived
More, or more honey for their Master hived:
Under his skilful hand no savage root
But sure to thrive with its adopted shoot;
No sapling but, transplanted, sure to grow,
Sizable standards set in even row;

Some for their annual crop of fruit, and some
For longer service in the years to come;
While his young Plane already welcome made
The guest who came to drink beneath the shade.

But, by the stern conditions of my song
Compell'd to leave where I would linger long,
To other bards the Garden I resign
Who with more leisure step shall follow mine.

VI

TRANSLATION FROM PETRARCH¹

(Se la mia vita dall' aspro tormento)

If it be destined that my Life, from thine
Divided, yet with thine shall linger on
Till, in the later twilight of Decline,
I may behold those Eyes, their lustre gone ;
When the gold tresses that enrich thy brow
Shall all be faded into silver-gray,
From which the wreaths that well bedeck them now
For many a Summer shall have fall'n away :
Then should I dare to whisper in your ears
The pent-up Passion of so long ago,
That Love which hath survived the wreck of years
Hath little else to pray for, or bestow,
Thou wilt not to the broken heart deny
The boon of one too-late relenting Sigh.

¹ Printed for the first time from MSS. left by FitzGerald to W. Aldis Wright in *Letters and Literary Remains* (1889), iii, p. 466.

VII

ON THE DEATH OF BERNARD BARTON¹

LAY him gently in the ground,
The good, the genial, and the wise ;
While Spring blows forward in the skies
To breathe new verdure o'er the mound
Where the kindly Poet lies.

Gently lay him in his place,
While the still Brethren round him stand ;
The soul indeed is far away,
But we would reverence the clay
In which so long she made a stay,
Beaming through the friendly face,
And holding forth the honest hand —

Thou, that didst so often twine
For other urns the funeral song,

¹ These lines at the end of a brief note on the "Funeral of Bernard Barton" were first printed in *The Ipswich Journal*, March 3, 1849. See *Miscellanies* (1900), pp. 57, 58.

One who has known and lov'd thee long,
Would, ere he mingles with the throng,
Just hang this little wreath on thine.

Farewell, thou spirit kind and true ;
Old Friend, for evermore Adieu !

VIII

THE TWO GENERALS:

I

LUCIUS AEMILIUS PAULLUS

His Speech to the Roman People after his Triumph over Perseus, King of Macedonia, U. C. 585. Livy xlvi. 41. (And unfaithful to the few and simple words recorded in the Original)

WITH what success, Quirites, I have served
The Commonwealth, and, in the very hour
Of Glory, what a double Thunderbolt
From Heav'n has struck upon my private roof,
Rome needs not to be told, who lately saw
So close together treading through her streets
My Triumph, and the Funeral of my Sons.
Yet bear with me while, in a few brief words,
And uninvidious spirit, I compare
Beside the fulness of the general Joy
My single Destitution.

When the time
For leaving Italy was come, the Ships

With all their Armament, and men complete,
As the Sun rose I left Brundusium :
With all my Ships before that Sun was down
I made Corcyra : thence, within five days
To Delphi : where, Lustration to the God
Made for myself, the Army, and the Fleet,
In five days more I reach'd the Roman Camp ;
Took the Command ; redress'd what was amiss :
And, for King Perseus would not forth to fight,
And, for his Camp's strength, forth could not be forced,
I slipp'd beside him through the Mountain-pass
To Pydna ; whither when himself forced back,
And fight he must, I fought, I routed him :
And all the War that, swelling for four years,
Consul to Consul handed over worse
Than from his Predecessor he took up,
In fifteen days victoriously I closed.
Nor stay'd my Fortune here. Upon Success
Success came rolling : with their Army lost,
The Macedonian Cities all gave in ;
Into my hands the Royal Treasure then —
And, by and by, the King's self and his Sons,
As by the very finger of the Gods
Betray'd, whose Temple they had fled to — fell.
And now my swollen Fortune to myself
Became suspicious : I began to dread

The seas that were to carry such a freight
Of Conquest, and of Conquerors. But when
With all-propitious Wind and Wave we reach'd
Italian Earth again, and all was done
That was to be, and nothing furthermore
To deprecate or pray for — still I pray'd;
That, whereas human Fortune, having touch'd
The destined height it may not rise beyond,
Forthwith begins as fatal a decline,
Its Fall might but myself and mine involve,
Swerving beside my Country. Be it so!
By my sole sacrifice may jealous Fate
Absolve the Public; and by such a Triumph
As, in derision of all Human Glory,
Began and closed with those two Funerals.
Yes, at that hour were Perseus and myself
Together two notorious monuments
Standing of Human Instability:
He that was late so absolute a King,
Now Bondsman, and his Sons along with him
Still living Trophies of my Conquest led;
While I, the Conqueror, scarce had turn'd my face
From one still unextinguish'd Funeral,
And from my Triumph to the Capitol
Return — return to close the dying Eyes
Of the last Son I yet might call my own,

Last of all those who should have borne my name
To after Ages down. For ev'n as one
Presuming on a rich Posterity,
And blind to Fate, my two surviving Sons
Into two noble Families of Rome
I had adopted—
And Paullus is the last of all his Name.

II

SIR CHARLES NAPIER

WRITING HOME AFTER THE BATTLE OF MEANEK

(See his *Memoirs*, Vol. II, p. 429.)

[LEAVING the Battle to be fought again
Over the wine with all our friends at home,
I needs must tell, before my letter close,
Of one result that you will like to hear.]

The Officers who under my command
Headed and led the British Troops engaged
In this last Battle that decides the War,
Resolved to celebrate the Victory
With those substantial Honours that, you know,
So much good English work begins and ends with.
Resolved by one and all, the day was named;

One mighty Tent, with 'room and verge enough'
To hold us all, of many Tents made up
Under the very walls of Hydrabad,
And then and there were they to do me honour.
Some of them grizzled Veterans like myself :
Some scorcht with Indian Sun and Service ; some
With unrecover'd wound or sickness pale ;
And some upon whose boyish cheek the rose
They brought with them from England scarce had faded.
Imagine these in all varieties
Of Uniform, Horse, Foot, Artillery,
Ranged down the gaily decorated Tent,
Each with an Indian servant at his back,
Whose dusky feature, Oriental garb,
And still, but supple, posture of respect
Served as a foil of contrast to the lines
Of animated English Officers.
Over our heads our own victorious Colours
Festoon'd with those wrencht from the Indian hung,
While through the openings of the tent were seen
Darkling the castle walls of Hydrabad ;
And, further yet, the monumental Towers
Of the Kalloras and Talpoors ; and yet
Beyond, and last, — the Field of Meanee.
Yes, there in Triumph as upon the tombs
Of two extinguisht Dynasties we sate,

Beside the field of blood we quench'd them in.
And I, chief Actor in that Scene of Death,
And foremost in the passing Triumph — I,
Veteran in Service as in years, though now
First call'd to play the General — I myself
So swiftly disappearing from the stage
Of all this world's transaction ! — As I sate,
My thoughts reverted to that setting Sun
That was to rise on our victorious march ;
When from a hillock by my tent alone
I look'd down over twenty thousand Men
Husht in the field before me, like a Fire
Prepared, and waiting but my breath to blaze.
And now, methought, the Work is done ; is done,
And well ; for those who died, and those who live
To celebrate our common Glory, well ;
And, looking round, I whisper'd to myself —
“ These are my Children — these whom I have led
Safe through the Vale of Death to Victory,
And in a righteous cause ; righteous, I say,
As for our Country's welfare, so for this,
Where from henceforth Peace, Order, Industry,
Blasted and trampled under heretofore
By every lawless Ruffian of the Soil,
Shall now strike root, and ” — I was running on
With all that was to be, when suddenly

My Name was call'd; the glass was fill'd; all rose;
And, as they pledged me cheer on cheer, the Cannon
Roar'd it abroad, with each successive burst
Of Thunder lighting up the banks now dark
Of Indus, which at Inundation-height,
Beside the Tent we revell'd in roll'd down
Audibly growling—"But a hand-breadth higher,
And whose the Land you boast as all your own!"

¹ "These two poems were printed privately on a single sheet of paper, paged from 1 to 6. Collation:—Small quarto: pp. 8 (last two blank and unnumbered). They had apparently been offered to *Macmillan's Magazine* and declined. In a letter to Prof. E. B. Cowell, dated May 28, 1868, FitzGerald wrote:

"I am sorry to trouble you about Macmillan: I should not have done so had I kept my Copy with your corrections as well as my own. As Lamb said of himself, so I say; that I never had any Luck with printing: I certainly don't mean that I have had much cause to complain: but, for instance, I know that Livy and Napier, put into good Verse, are just worth a corner in one of the swarm of Shilling Monthlies" ('Letters,' ii. 105).

"On July 25, 1868, he wrote to the same correspondent:

"I only wanted Macmillan to return the Verses if he wouldn't use them, because of my having no corrected Copy of them."

"Probably they had been written several years before, as Mr. Francis Hindes Groome found a copy of 'Lucius *Æmilius Paullus*' in a MS. note-book belonging to his father, Archdeacon Groome, which he has reprinted in his delightful book 'Two Suffolk Friends.' This version differs considerably from that given by Mr. Aldis Wright in the 'Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald,' ii. 483, which is a reprint of the privately printed sheet."



NOTES ON CHARLES LAMB :

CHARLES LAMB,

BORN February 10, in Crown Office Row, Middle Temple, where his Father, John Lamb (Elia's² *Lovell*) was confidential Factotum to Samuel Salt, one of the Benchers. John Lamb had two other children; John (*James Elia*) born in 1763, and a clerk in the South Sea House; Mary (*Bridget Elia*) born in 1765.

Charles Lamb sent to Christ's Hospital, where Jem White an officer; and Coleridge, George Dyer, and Le Grice, his school-fellows.

Leaves School.

Made Clerk in the East India House; occasionally meeting Coleridge (from Cambridge) at the "Salutation and Cat," 17, Newgate Street; and by him introduced to Southey, and Charles Lloyd, all warm with Poetry, Pantisocracy, &c.

1775

1782

1789

1792

¹ "The Data for the life of Charles Lamb are frequently mentioned in FitzGerald's letters and are here printed from a copy annotated in his own hand. They do not profess to be exhaustive, and were only intended to serve as a guide to the readers of Lamb's Letters as they originally appeared. The notes in square brackets are added by myself."—W. Aldis Wright in Preface to *Miscellanies by Edward FitzGerald* (1900), p. vi.

² "Call him *Elia*." C. L. to Tayler, his publisher.

1795 Living with paralysed Father, Mother, aged Aunt, and Sister Mary, on their united means of about £180 a year, at 7, Little Queen Street, Holborn.

1796 At the end of last year, and beginning of this, C. L. for six weeks in a mad-house at Hoxton. Soon after this, his Brother John (who does not live with the Family) is brought home to be nursed by them after an accident which threatened his own mind also. And on September 22, Mary Lamb, worn out with nursing her Family, kills her Mother, beside wounding her Father, in a fit of insanity. Charles wrests the knife from her hand and places her in a Private — he will not hear of a *Public* — Asylum, for so long as his Father survives.

1797 His Father dying, and carrying with him what pension he had from Mr. Salt, Charles takes his sister home, and lives with her on little more than his Clerkship of £100 a year. The old Aunt who lived with them dies at the beginning of the year: and another Aunt (Hetty) who had been taken to live with a Kinswoman is returned home at the end of it¹ to linger out nearly three years with them. In the meanwhile, Charles visits Coleridge in Somersetshire, where he meets Wordsworth.

¹ I find but *one* Aunt named by Lamb's biographers; but the oversight may be mine. Certainly *two* are named as above in Lamb's letters to Coleridge 19, 22; and 29, 34, [Moxon's edition]. [Lamb's Aunt, his father's sister, died 9 Feb. 1797. Hetty, who died 9 May 1800, was probably the old maid-servant.]

Rosamund Gray. Poems by C. Lloyd and C. Lamb published, some of which had been included in a previous volume of Coleridge's, who goes to Germany at Mid-summer; up to which time he was Lamb's chief correspondent and adviser. After which,	1798
Correspondence with Southey; toward the end of the year introduction by C. Lloyd to Manning, Mathematical Tutor at Cambridge: who becomes Lamb's most intimate friend and correspondent till his departure for China.	1799
Established with Mary at 16, Mitre Court Buildings. ¹ Correspondence with Wordsworth begins.	1800
“John Woodvil” published. About this time Lamb comes to know Godwin and Hazlitt.	1801
Visit with Mary to Coleridge at Keswick, who, afterward engaging to write for the Morning Post, gets Lamb to jest for it, at £2 2s. a week.	1802
No literary work: punning for the “Post” discontinued.	1803
No <i>Letter</i> extant, save one to Southey: but much drink and smoke by night, and depression by day: a condition which, as we know from his own, and his sister's letters, had begun some years before, and lasted some years after.	1804

¹ Before settling here, he had lived at [45] Chapel Street, Pentonville; where he fell in love—for the first and only time—with Hester Savory, the Quaker.

1806 Manning goes to China. "Mr. H." written in a 3s. per week room, acted at Drury Lane and damned.

1807 Tales from "Shakespeare" by C. and M. Lamb.

1808 "Specimens of Old Dramatists;" "Adventures of Ulysses;" "Mrs. Leicester's School;" and, soon after (1810), "Poetry for Children;" in all which, except the two first, Sister and Brother have a hand.

1809 Removal to 4, Inner Temple Lane, top-story, where the "Wednesday nights."

1817 Removed to [21,] Great Russell Street, corner¹ of Bow Street, (once Will's Coffee House,) by and by taking also a lodging at 14, Kingsland Road, Dalston, to escape from over-much company.

1820 "Elia" begun with London Magazine.

1821 John Lamb dies.

1822 Trip to France with Mary, who, taken ill, is left with a friend at Amiens while Charles runs to Paris, sees Talma, &c. His only visit abroad.

1823 Elia published separately: difference and reconciliation with Southey; and removal from lodgings to Colebrooke (Coln-brook) Cottage, Islington, as householders. During a holiday at Cambridge becomes acquainted with,

¹ [In a letter to Miss Wordsworth in November 1817, Mary Lamb says they are living at a brazier's shop, No. 20, in Russell Street, Covent Garden. According to a London Directory of that year, No. 21, the corner house, was occupied by Thomas Owen, an ironmonger, and No. 20 was apparently a private house.]

and finally adopts, Emma Isola, orphan daughter of an Italian refugee and Esquire Bedell there.

Pensioned off by the India House on £450 a year, with a small deduction for Mary in case of her surviving him: as she did for 13 years; dying May 1847.

Removes from Islington to a small house at Enfield Chase, where he had previously lodged from time to time.¹

His old servant Becky having married and left, and his sister too much worried with housekeeping, they go to lodge and board with Mr. and Mrs. Westwood next door, in Enfield.

To "Bay Cottage," Church Street, Edmonton, to board and lodge with Mr. and Mrs. Walden, under whose care Mary had previously been. Emma Isola marries Moxon the Publisher at Midsummer.

Coleridge dies July 25; and Charles Lamb Dec. 24.²

1825

1827

1829

1833

1834

¹ On removing from Islington to Enfield in 1827 Lamb had written to Hood;

"To change habitations is to die with them, and in my time I have died seven deaths. My household deaths have been all periodical, recurring after seven years."

This may include some minor removals; such as more than once in Southampton Buildings, Holborn.

² He left £2000 — all his Earnings — for his Sister's use.



THE ONLY DARTER

A SUFFOLK CLERGYMAN'S REMINISCENCE

OUR young parson said to me t'other dää, "John," sez he, "din't yeou nivver hev a darter?" "Sar," sez I, "I had one once, but she ha' been dead close on thatty years." And then I towd him about my poor mor.¹

"I lost my fust wife thatty-three years ago. She left me with six bors and Susan. She was the owdest of them all, tarned sixteen when her mother died. She was a fine jolly gal, with lots of sperit. I coon't be alluz at home, and tho' I'd nivver a wadd² to säa against Susan, yet I thowt I wanted some one to look arter her and the bors. Gals want a mother more than bors. So arter a year I married my second wife, and a rale good wife she ha' bin to me. But Susan coon't git on with her. She'd dew³ what she was towd, but 'twarn't done pleasant, and when she spöok she spöok *so* short. My wife was werry patient with her; but dew all she could, she nivver could git on with Susan.

"I'd a married sister in London, whue cum down to see us at Whissuntide. She see how things fared, and she säa to me, 'John,' sez she, 'dew yeou let Susan go

¹ *Marother*, girl.

² Word.

³ Do.

back with me, and I'll git her a good place and see arter her.' So 'twas sattled. Susan was all for goin', and when she went she kiss't me and all the bors, but she nivver sed nawthin' to my wife, 'cept just 'Good-bye.' She fared to git a nice quite¹ place; but then my sister left London, and Susan's missus died, and so she had to git a place where she could. So she got a place where they took in lodgers, and Susan and her missus did all the cookin' and waitin' between 'em. Susan sed arterwards that 'twarn't what she had to dew, but the runnin' up-stairs; that's what killt her. There was one owd gentleman, who lived at the top of the house. He'd ring his bell, and if she din't go di-reckly, he'd ring and ring agen, fit to bring the house down. One dää he rung three times, but Susan was set fast, and coon't go; and when she did, he spöok so sharp, that it whöllly upset her, and she dropt down o' the floor all in a faint. He hollered out at the top o' the stairs; and sum o' the föoks cum runnin' up to see what was the matter. Arter a bit she cum round, and they got her to bed; but she was so bad that they had to send for the doctor. The owd gentleman was so wexed, he sed he'd pää for the doctor as long as he could; but when the doctor sed she was breedin' a faver, nawthing would satisfy her missus but to send her to the horspital, while she could go.

¹ Quiet.

"So she went into the horspital, and läa five weeks and din't know nobody. Last she begun to mend, and she sed that the föoks there were werry kind. She had a bed to herself in a big room with nigh twenty others. Ivry dää the doctor cum round, and spöok to 'em all in tarn. He was an owdish gentleman, and sum young uns cum round with him. One mornin' he säa to Susan, 'Well, my dear,' sez he, 'how do yeou feel to-day?' She säa, 'Kind o' middlin', sir.' She towd me that one o' the young gentlemen sort o' laffed when he h'ard her, and stopped behind and säa to her, 'Do yeou cum out o' Suffolk?' She säa, 'Yes; what, do yeou know me?' She was *so* pleased! He axed her where she cum from, and when she towd him, he säa, 'I know the clargyman of the parish.' He'd a rose in his button-hole, and he took it out and gov it her, and he säa, 'Yeou'll like to hev it, for that cum up from Suffolk this mornin'.' Poor mor, she was *so* pleased! Well, arter a bit she got better, and the doctor säa, 'My dear, yeou must go and git nussed at home. That'll dew more for yeou than all the doctors' stuff here.'

"She han't no money left to pää for her jarney. But the young gentleman made a gatherin' for her, and when the nuss went with her to the station, he holp her into the cab, and gov her the money. Whue he was she din't know, and I don't now, but I alluz säa, 'God bless him for it.'

"One mornin' the owd parson — he was yar father — sent for me, and he säa, 'John,' sez he, 'I ha' a letter to say that Susan ha' been in the horspital, but she is better now, and is cummin' home to-morrow. So yeou must meet her at Halser,¹ and yeou may hiv my cart.' Susan coon't write, so we'd nivver h'ard, sin' her aunt went away. Yeou may s'pose how I felt! Well, I went and met her. O lawk, a lawk! how bad she did look! I got her home about five, and my wife had got a good fire, and ivrything nice for her, but, poor mor! she was whöllly beat. She coon't eat nawthin'. Arter a bit, she tuk off her bonnet, and then I see she han't no hair, 'cept a werry little. That whöllly beat me, she used to hev such nice hair. Well, we got her to bed, and for a whole week she coon't howd up at all. Then she fare to git better, and cum down-stairs, and sot by the fire, and begun to pick a little. And so she went on, when the summer cum, sometimes better and sometimes wuss. But she spöok werry little, and din't seem to git on no better with my wife. Yar father used to cum and see her and read to her. He was werry fond of her, for he had knowed her ivver sin' she was born. But she got waker and waker, and at last she coon't howd up no longer, but took whöllly to her bed. How my wife did wait upon her! She'd try and 'tice her to ate suffen,² when yar father sent her a bit o' pudden.

¹ Halesworth.

² Something.

I once säa to him, 'What do yeou think o' the poor mor?' 'John,' sez he, 'she's werry bad.' 'But,' sez I, 'dew she know it?' 'Yes,' sez he, 'she dew; but she een't one to säa much.' But I alluz noticed, she seem werry glad to see yar father.

"One day I'd cum home arly; I'd made one jarney.¹ So I went up to see Susan. There I see my wife läad outside the bed close to Susan; Susan was kind o' strokin' her face, and I h'ard her säa, 'Kiss me, mother dear; yeou're a good mother to me.' They din't see me, so I crep' down-stairs, but it made me werry comforble.

"Susan's bed läa close to the wall, so that she could alluz make us know at night if she wanted anything by jest knockin'. One night we h'ard her sing a hymn. She used to sing at charch when she was a little gal, but I nivver h'ard her sing so sweetsome as she did then. Arter she'd finished, she knockt sharp, and we went di-reckly. There she läa—I can see her now—as white as the sheets she läa in. 'Father,' sez she, 'am I dyin'?' I coon't speake, but my wife sed, 'Yeou're a-dyin', dear.' 'Well, then,' sez she, "'tis bewtiful.' And she lookt hard at me, hard at both of us; and then lookt up smilin', as if she see Some One.

"She was the only darter I ivver had."

JOHN DUTFEN.

¹ Fr. *journée*, one day's work without halt, ending about 3 P.M.



“MASTER CHARLEY”

A SUFFOLK LABOURER'S STORY

THE Owd Master at the Hall had two children — Mr. James and Miss Mary. Mr. James was ivver so much owdier than Miss Mary. She come kind o' unexpected like, and she warn't but a little thing when she lost her mother. When she got owd enough Owd Master sent her to a young ladies' skule. She was there a soot o' years, and when she come to stää at home, she *was* such a pretty young lady, *that* she was. She was werry fond of cumpany, but there warn't the liskest bit wrong about her. There was a young gentleman, from the shëres, who lived at a farm in the next parish, where he was come to larn farmin'. He was werry fond of her, and though his own folks din't like it, it was all sattled that he was soon to marry her. Then he hear'd suffen about her, which warn't a bit true, and he went awää, and was persuaded to marry somebody else. Miss Mary took on bad about it, but that warn't the wust of it. She had a baby bëfore long, and he was the father on't.

O lawk, a lawk! how the Owd Master did break out when he hear'd of it! My mother lived close by, and nussed poor Miss Mary, so I've h'ard all about it. He woun't let the child stop in the house, but sent it awää to a house three miles off, where the woman had lost her

child. But when Miss Mary got about, the woman used to bring the baby—he was "Master Charley"—to my mother's. One dää, when she went down, my mother towd her that he warn't well; so off she went to see him. When she got home she was late, and the owd man was kep' waitin' for his dinner. As soon as he see her, he roared out, "What! hev yeou bin to see yar bastard?" "O father," says she, "yeou shoun't säa so." "Shoun't säa so," said he, "shoun't I? I can säa wuss than that." And then he called her a bad name. She got up, nivver said a wädd, but walked straight out of the front door. They din't take much notiz at fust, but when she din't come back, they got scared, and looked for her all about; and at last they found her in the möot, at the bottom of the orchard.

O lawk, a lawk!

The Owd Master nivver could howd up arter that. 'Fore that, if he was put out, yeou could hear 'im all over the farm, a-cussin' and swearin'. He werry seldom spöok to anybody now, but he was alluz about arly and late; nöthin' seemed to tire him. 'Fore that he nivver went to chärch; now he went reg'ler. But he wud säa sumtimes, comin' out, "Parson's a fule." But if anybody was ill, he bod 'em go up to the Hall and ax for suffen.¹ There was young Farmer Whoo's wife was werry bad, and the

¹ Something.

doctor säa that what she wanted was London poort. So he sent my father to the marchant at Ipswich, to bring back four dozen. Arter dark he was to lave it at the house, but not to knock. They nivver knew where ta come from till arter he died. But he fare to get waker, and to stupe more ivry year.

Yeou ax me about "Master Charley." Well, he growed up such a pretty bor. He lived along with my mother for the most part, and Mr. James was so fond of him. He'd come down, and plää and talk to him the hour together, and Master Charley would foller 'im about like a little dawg.

One dää they was together, and Owd Master met 'em. "James," said he, "what bor is that alluz follerin' yeou about?" He said, "It's Mary's child." The owd man tärned round as if he'd bin shot, and went home all himpin' along. Folks heared him säa, "Mary's child! Lord! Lord!" When he got in, he sot down, and nivver spöok a wädd, 'cept now and then, "Mary's child! Lord! Lord!" He coun't ate no dinner; but he towd 'em to go for my mother; and when she come, he säa to her, "Missus, yeou must git me to bed." And there he läa all night, nivver släpin' a bit, but goin' on säain, "Mary's child! *Lord! Lord!*" quite solemn like. Sumtimes he'd säa, "I've bin a bad un in my time, I hev."

Next mornin' Mr. James sent for the doctor. But when

he come, Owd Master said, "Yeou can do nothin' for me; I oon't take none o' yar stuff." No more he would. Then Mr. James säa, "Would yeou like to see the parson?" He din't säa nöthin' for some time, then he said, "Yeou may send for him." When the parson come — and he was a nice quite¹ owd gentleman, we were werry fond of him — he went up and stää'd some time; but he nivver said nöthin' when he come down. Howsomdiver, Owd Master läa more quiter arter that, and when they axed him to take his med'cin he took it. Then he slep' for some hours, and when he woke up he called out quite clear, "James." And when Mr. James come, he säa to him, "James," sez he, "I ha' left ivrything to yeou; do yeou see that Mary hev her share." You notiz, he din't säa, "Mary's child," but "Mary hev her share." Arter a little while he said, "James, I should like to see the little chap." He warn't far off, and my mother made him tidy, and brushed his hair and parted it. Then she took him up, and put him close to the bed. Owd Master bod 'em put the curtain back, and he läa and looked at Master Charley. And then he said, quite slow and tendersome, "Yeou're a'most as pritty as your mother was, my dear." Them was the last words he ivver spöok.

Mr. James nivver married, and when he died he left ivrything to Master Charley.

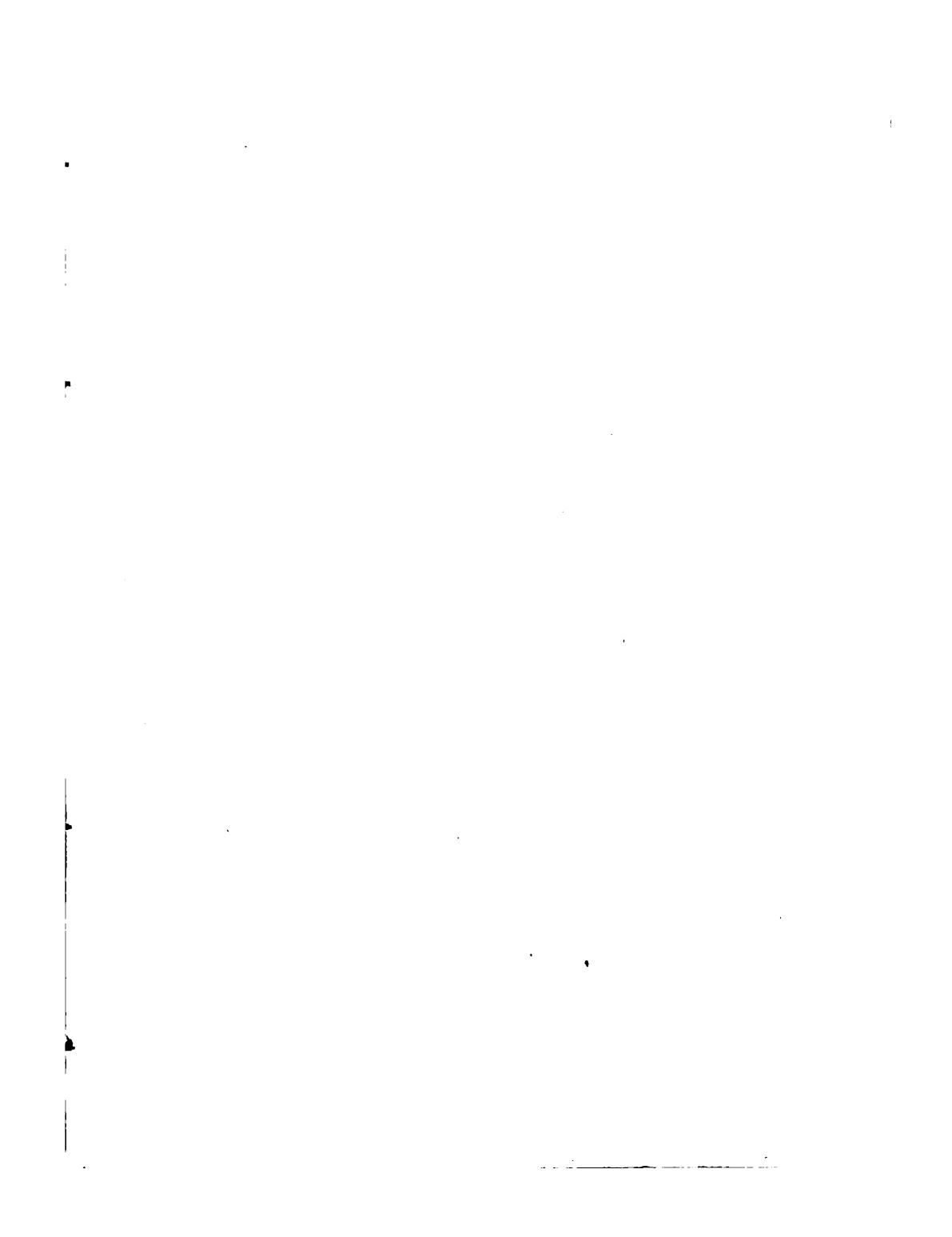
¹ Quiet

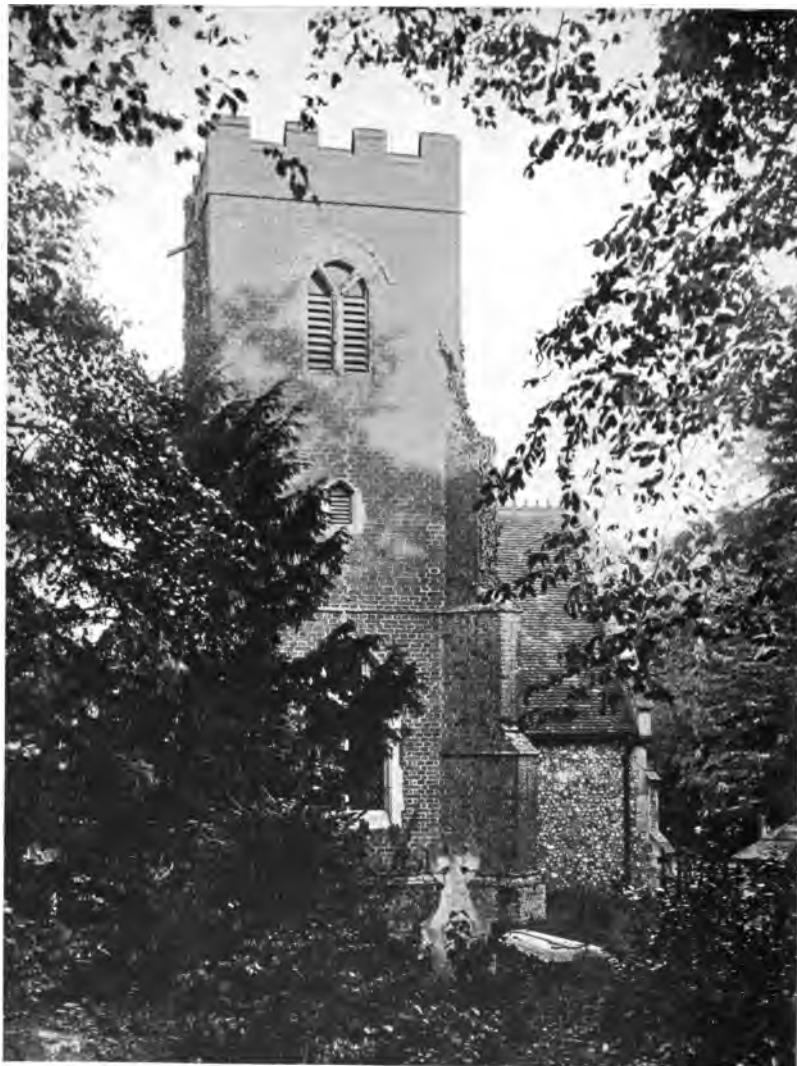
CONCERNING A PILGRIMAGE TO THE GRAVE
OF EDWARD FITZGERALD¹

THE Great Eastern route through Suffolk to Yarmouth follows the coastline. Between the railway and the low-lying, shingle-terraced shore, with its sand hillocks, where only coarse matted grass and the sea-thistle flourish, and its crag banks full of interest to the fossil-hunter, there are wide stretches of mere, the haunt of wild birds; and of bracken-covered heath-land with spinneys of Scotch fir; commons which are a glory of golden fire when the gorse is in full flower. The blossom is never altogether absent; as the local adage has it, "When the whins are out o' bloom, kissin's out o' fashion." The seaboard is indented by rivers whose avifauna are the sportsman's delight, and whose creeks supplied cover for sterner sport not so many years ago, when a cargo of brandy or silks or tobacco was "run" ashore. These rivers, for the most part, are navigable within a short distance of their source, so that there is scarcely a part of the country more than ten miles from water-ways. At ebb tide, when

¹ Fifty copies of this *Pilgrimage* by Edward Clodd were "printed for private distribution to the members of the Omar Khayyám Club." London, 1894. Blue wrapper. Fcap 8vo. Pp. 20.

the mud is uncovered and blends indistinguishably with the shelving banks, the flat grazing lands, with their long straight lines of ditches (whence delicious eels are “pitched”), and the windmills, which help to drain the soil or which grind the corn; make the traveller feel that he must be in Holland, and, looking only eastwards, he would see a landscape of unredeemed monotony, save under certain chiaroscuro effects, which invest it with a weird attractiveness. Turning westward, however, he would find the scenery not lacking in picturesqueness. For inland the country is undulating and well-wooded, revealing through the fine timber of many a park some noble manor-house, a home “of ancient peace;” often a moated hall, such as the lovely old example at Parham, with its Tudor gateway. The hedges, in their tangle of sweetbriar and sloebush and bramble, which fringe the well-kept highways and leafy lanes, lead past sleepy little towns to scattered groups of cottages,—splashes and dots of red amidst festoons of green,—some on hilly ground where the square flint-church tower breaks the skyline; some by “dewy pastures,” or nestling in dells—native scenes which Gainsborough and Constable painted; villages where a fair-haired, open-faced peasantry greet one in a dialect whose every sentence ends in a rising note, and betrays the source of the nasal twang which the Puritans carried to the New World.





BOULGE CHURCHYARD

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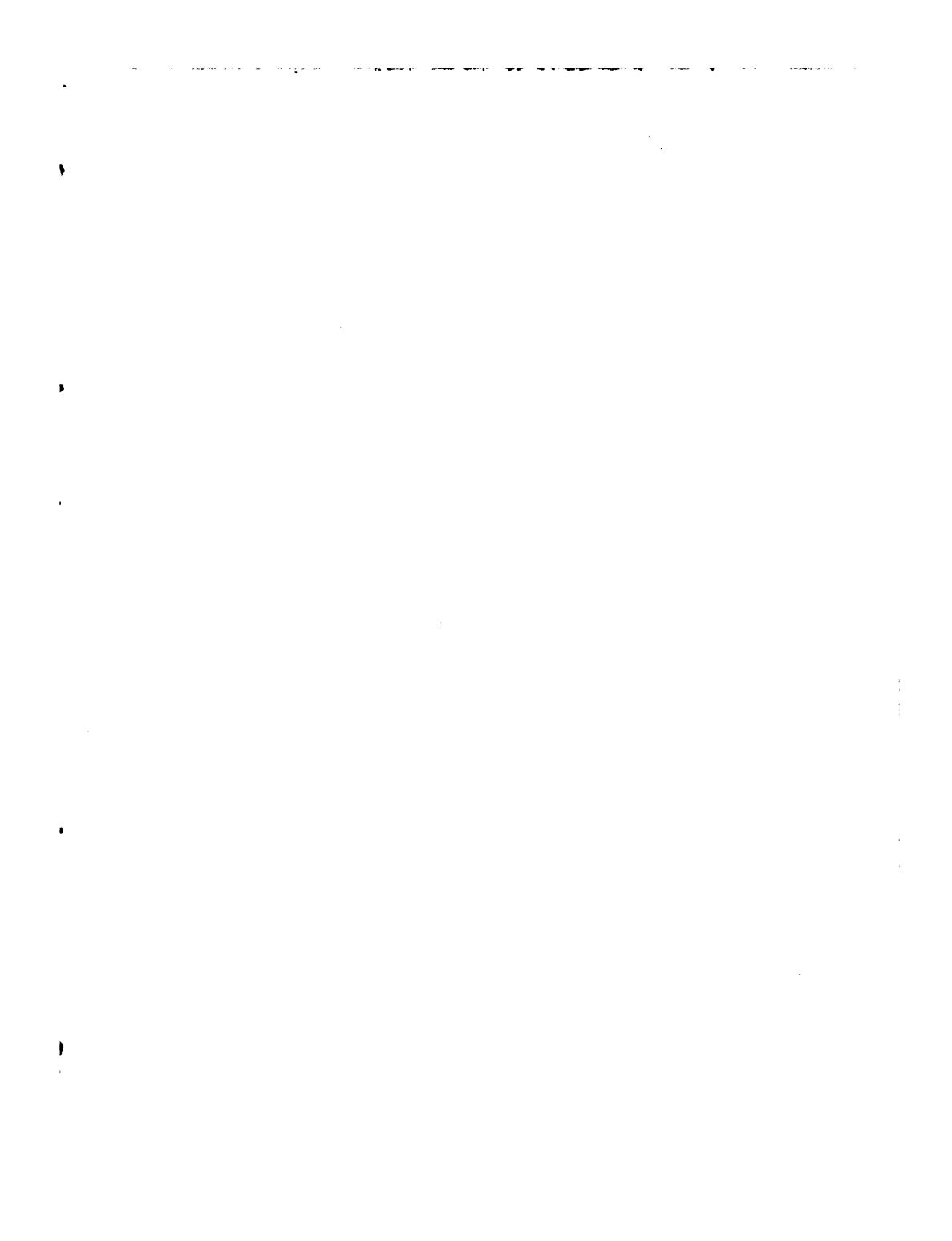
Such, in bald outline, is the country where Edward FitzGerald was born, and lived, and died; and where reminiscences of the man whom the "yokels," in their usual assessment of genius, called "dotty," are yet plentiful. How could they know that the man who hobnobbed with all, whose largeheartedness took the oddest and drollest of ways; who, hearing that a poor tradeswoman was in trouble, emptied her shop of all its feminine wares at West End prices; who "stood" port-wine to the fisher folk when they sighed for a quart of beer; who helped them to buy their boats and gear, and never asked for repayment of the loans; who shared ventures with them in herring craft — *Meum et Tuum* one of these was named, only there was more *tuum* than *meum*, because he paid the losses and refused the gains — how could these bumpkins know that here was a man, the peer of more famous contemporaries, who had the esteem and affection ("my friendships are like loves," he said) of Thackeray (Brookfield and "Old Fitz" had first place in that big heart), Tennyson and his brothers, Dr. Thompson of Trinity, Spedding, Carlyle, and, among lesser known worthies, Archdeacons Groome and Allen, Rev. George Crabbe, son of the poet, and Bernard Barton, whose daughter he married? The prophet met the usual fate in his own country, but yokels are not the only mortals to whom truth of perspective is denied.

Woodbridge is the starting-point for visits to his homes and haunts. Gentle and simple there alike knew him well, and he had his laugh against the microcosm of provincial life when he named his yacht the *Scandal* because there was so much of it in the old town. There, on the 7th of October last, a party of us, some of whom knew FitzGerald well, one being kinsman of his, and all loving the man as revealed in his letters and for the work which he had done, alighted; and, under a showery sky, drove by roads whose bordering trees were showing nature's beauty of decay in autumn tints, to the spot where he has lain since June, 1883. We could not stay to visit the grave of Bernard Barton, Quaker, poet, and clerk in Alexander's bank for forty years; neither could we spare more than a passing look at Bredfield House, where FitzGerald was born in 1809, or at the home where his later years were spent, Little Grange, with its "quarter deck" garden which he loved to pace when old age had dulled his appetite for the sea.

Boulge reached, we walked across fields to the little churchyard which adjoins the grounds of the Hall whither FitzGerald's family removed from Bredfield in 1835, and which contains their mausoleum. Close to it is the grave where he lies under a granite slab, and thither we had come, in fulfilment of a long-cherished idea, to which the following incidents had given birth.

In 1884 Mr. William Simpson, the veteran artist-traveller of the *Illustrated London News*, accompanied the Afghan Boundary Commission from Teheran to Central Asia. The route lay near Naishápúr, the ancient capital of Khorassan, and the birthplace and burial place of the poet-astronomer Omar Khayyám; and thither Mr. Simpson, to whom the famous quatrains of FitzGerald's version had long been a precious possession, sped to visit the grave. The old "tent-maker" who had sung so sweetly of the "thousand roses" that "each morning brings," and, infusing his song with pathos, had asked the fate of those which had blossomed yesterday; had told his friend Kwájah Nizámí that his tomb should be "on a spot where the north wind may strew roses upon it." Omar Khayyám has been dead nigh eight hundred years, but his words have not passed away. Roses still scatter their petals by his resting-place, and, luckily, it happened that Mr. Simpson was there in the autumn when the bushes were in seed. He gathered some of the hips, and appropriately sent them to Mr. Quaritch, who had, with a discernment greater than that of the "able editor" in whose drawer the manuscript had lain neglected two years, accepted it from FitzGerald, publishing a poem which was finally sold for a penny, and is now (speaking of the first edition) worth its weight in gold. Mr. Quaritch sent the hips to Kew Gardens, where, under the watchful

care of Mr. Thiselton Dyer, the Director, and of Mr. Baker, the Keeper, a bush was successfully reared, although of too delicate a nature to permit transfer to the cold, clayey soil of Suffolk. The plant, a very slow grower, has not even flowered yet, and Mr. Thiselton Dyer tells me that Mr. Baker is unable to say what is the species, "but he thinks it comes nearest to *R. Beggeriana*, which was found in plenty by the botanist of the Afghan Commission. This is a bush about six feet high, with numerous small white flowers." When Mr. Simpson told his story, it seemed that the fittest thing to do was to plant a cutting from the rose on FitzGerald's grave, and into this idea Mr. Thiselton Dyer entered heartily. But, until the summer of this year, the slaggard plant did not prove itself strong enough to permit the fulfilment of the project, and then only by being grafted on a lusty English stock. Appropriate enough, truly, as emblem of the new life which FitzGerald gave to the *Rubaiyat* of Omar in translating them into vigorous English verse, and happily expressed in this quatrain which Grant Allen (one of many—Thomas Hardy, Walter Besant, Hindes Groome, Aldis Wright, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang, Thiselton Dyer, Theodore Watts, and others—who could be at Boulge only in spirit), sent to the present writer.





FITZ GERALD'S GRAVE AT BOULGE

Here on FitzGerald's grave, from Omar's tomb,
To lay fit tribute, pilgrim singers flock;
Long with a double fragrance let it bloom,
This Rose of Iran on an English stock.

When the grafted exotic was ready for planting, a "pilgrimage" to Boulge was organised under the ægis of the recently instituted Omar Khayyám Club. Mr. Simpson narrated the finding and fortunes of the hips; Mr. Moncure Conway, whose fellow countrymen were among the first to recognise what immortal poem had been added to the literature of the Anglo-Saxon race, paid his tribute to Omar's great interpreter; and this poetic tribute from Mr. Edmund Gosse was read:

Reign here, triumphant Rose, from Omar's grave,
Borne by a dervish o'er the Persian wave;
Reign with fresh pride, since here a heart is sleeping
That double glory to your Master gave.

Hither let many a pilgrim step be bent
To greet the Rose re-risen in banishment;
Here richer crimsons may its cup be keeping
Than brimmed it ere from Naishápúr it went.

Then a few words of acknowledgment from Colonel Kerrich, nephew and executor of FitzGerald, followed the

attachment of a plate, bearing this inscription, to the grave :

“ This Rose-tree, raised in Kew Gardens from seed brought by William Simpson, artist-traveller, from the grave of Omar Khayyám at Naishápúr, was planted by a few admirers of Edward FitzGerald in the name of the Omar Khayyám Club, 7th October, 1893.”

The president of the Club, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, sent his tribute in these graceful verses :

From Naishápúr to England, from the tomb
Where Omar slumbers to the Narrow Room
That shrines FitzGerald’s ashes, Persia sends
Perfume and Pigment of her Rose to bloom.

Wedded with Rose of England, for a sign
That English lips, transmuting the divine
High-piping music of the song that ends,
As it began, with Wine and Wine and Wine,

Across the ages caught the words that fell
From Omar’s mouth and made them audible
To the unnumbered sitters at Life’s Feast
Who wear their hearts out over Heaven and Hell.

Vex not to-day with wonder which were best,
The Student, Scholar, Singer of the West

Or Singer, Scholar, Student of the East —
The soul of Omar burned in England's breast.

And howsoever Autumn's breezes blow
About this Rose, and Winter's fingers throw
In mockery of Oriental noons,
Upon this grass the monumental snow ;

Still in our dreams the Eastern Rose survives
Lending diviner fragrance to our lives :

The World is old, cold, warned by waning moons,
But Omar's creed in English verse revives.

The fountain in the tulip-tinted dale,
The manuscript of some melodious tale
Babbling of love and lover's passion-pale,
Of Rose, of Cypress, and of Nightingale ;

The cup that Saki proffers to our lips,
The cup from which the Rose-Red Mercy drips,
Bidding forget how, like a sinking sail,
Day after day into the darkness slips ;

The wisdom that the Watcher of the Skies
Won from the wandering stars that soothed his eyes,
The legend writ below, around, above —
“One thing at least is certain, this Life flies ;”

These were the gifts of Omar — these he gave
Full-handed : his Disciple sought to save
 Some portion for his people, and their love
Plants Omar's Rose upon an English grave.

These poetic wreaths, laid as worthy tribute at the master-singer's feet, had happy addition in this sonnet, which Mr. Theodore Watts permits me to reprint from the *Athenaeum*.

PRAYER TO THE WINDS

Hear us, ye winds !
 From where the North-wind strows
Blossoms that crown " the King of Wisdom's " tomb,
The trees here planted bring remembered bloom
Dreaming in seed of Love's ancestral Rose
To meadows where a braver North-wind blows
O'er greener grass, o'er hedge-rose, may, and broom,
And all that make East England's field-perfume
Dearer than any fragrance Persia knows :

Hear us, ye winds, North, East, and West, and South !
This granite covers him whose golden mouth
Made wiser ev'n the word of Wisdom's King :
Blow softly o'er the grave of Omar's herald

Till roses rich of Omar's dust shall spring
From richer dust of Suffolk's rare FitzGerald !

The rose, its roots well struck, may not flower yet awhile, but it will thereby be fit symbol of the slow appreciation of the life-work of him who is at rest beneath it. He might have applied to himself Landor's prophecy of his own tardy recognition: "I shall dine late, but the room will be well lighted; the guests few and select." And he might have added: "The viands will be plain, but there will be good red wine, and the cups will be drained to-day, though talk may be of to-morrow." For the themes of the *Rubbáiyát* are perennial. As magnet to the pole, the spirit of man turns to the questions which the ancients asked, to which no answer comes, to which each must find such solution as he can. The limitations of knowledge which no man's experience can transcend; the silence of the past, the return of none of the great company who have gone behind "the veil through which I might not see"; the transitoriness of all things :

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop;
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one;

